

FRIENDSHIP in DEATH:  
IN  
Twenty LETTERS  
FROM THE  
DEAD to the LIVING.

To which are added,

LETTERS  
MORAL and ENTERTAINING,  
*In PROSE and VERSE.*

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In THREE PARTS.

By the same AUTHOR.

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L O N D O N:

Printed for T. WORRALL, at Judge COKE's  
Head over against St. Dunstan's Church in  
Fleet-Street. 1733.

1609/2656

СИТАГИИ СИДИСАДА

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To which are added,

THOUGHTS on DEATH:

*Translated from the MORAL ESSAYS of the  
Messieurs du Port Royal.*

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— *Curæ non ipsa in Morte relinquunt.* VIRG.

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The THIRD EDITION.

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London:

Printed for T. WORRALL, at Judge Coke's Head,  
against St Dunstan's Church in Fleet-Street. 1733.  
[ Price 1s. ]





TO

Dr. YOUNG.

SIR,

J HAVE no Design in this Dedication, but to express my Gratitude, for the Pleasure and Advantage I have received from your Poem on the LAST JUDGMENT, and the *Paraphrase on Part of the Book of Job*.

THE Author of these Letters is above any View of Interest, and can have no Prospect of Reputation, resolving to be concealed: But if they prove a serious

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Enter-

## DEDICATION.

Entertainment to Persons whose leisure Hours are not always innocently employed, the End is fully answered.

THE greatest Infidel must own, there is at least as much Probability in this Scheme, as in that of the FAIRY TALES, which however Visionary, are some of them Moral, and Entertaining.

I am,

SIR,

Your most humble

Servant, &c.

THE



## THE P R E F A C E.

HE Drift of these Letters is, to impress the Notion of the Soul's Immortality ; without which, all Virtue and Religion, with their Temporal and Eternal good Consequences, must fall to the Ground.

Some who pretend to have no Scruples about the Being of a GOD, have yet their Doubts about their own Eternal Existence, though valuable Authors abound in Christian, and Moral Proofs of it.

But since no Means should be left unattempted in a Point of such Importance, I  
hope

## The P R E F A C E.

hope endeavouring to make the Mind familiar, with the Thoughts of our Future Existence, and contract, as it were, unawares, an Habitual Persuasion of it, by Writings built on that Foundation, and addressed to the Affections and Imagination, will not be thought improper, either as a Doctrine, or Amusement; Amusement, for which the World makes by far the largest Demand, and which generally speaking, is nothing but an Art of forgetting that Immortality, the firm Belief, and advantageous Contemplation of which, this Amusement would recommend.



L E T-



# LETTERS FROM THE DEAD to the LIVING.

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## LETTER I.

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*To the Earl of R—, from Mr. —, who  
had promised to appear to him after his Death.*



HIS will find you, my Lord, confirmed in your Infidelity, by your late Disappointment. It was not in my Power to give you the Evidence of a future State, which you desired, and that I had rashly promised; but since this Engagement was a Secret to every Mortal, but ourselves, you must be assured that this comes from your deceased Friend, whose Friendship you see has reached beyond the Grave.

IN

## 2 LETTERS.

IN my last Sickness, we fixed on the Time and Place of my Appearance; you was punctual to the Appointment: For tho' I was not permitted to make myself visible, I had the Curiosity to know if you had the Resolution to attend the Solemnity of a Visit from the Dead. The Hour was come, the Clock from a neighbouring Steeple struck One, no human Voice was heard to break the awful Silence, the Moon and Stars shone clear in their Midnight Splendor, and glimmered through the Trees, which in lofty Rows led to the Centre of a Grove, where I was engaged to meet you.

I SAW you enter the Walks, with a careless incredulous Air, not the least Concern or Expectation appeared in your Looks, as if you came there only in regard to your own Word, and a sort of respect to my Memory: However, the Calmness of the Night induced you to walk 'till the Morning began to break, when you retired, singing an idle Song, you had got out of the *Fairy Tales*. By the Gayety of your Temper you seem'd pleas'd, my Lord, with a new Proof against a Future Life, and happy to find yourself (as you concluded) on a level with the Beasts that perish. A glorious Advantage! and worthy of your Triumph.

BUT we have so often discoursed on this Subject, that I would not tire you with the Repetition of any thing past; only once more to make way to your Reason, by moving your Passions, in recollecting the Manner of your Brother's

Death,



Death, which was all a Demonstration of the Immortality of the Soul; and to what Heights of Fortitude that Prospect could raise the *Heart* of Man, at the Hour of Terror, and in the Jaws of Death.

WITH what a ready Composure did he endure the Violence of his Distemper! With what Conviction and full Assurance expect the Reward of his Piety! With what Calmness, with what a graceful Resignation did he receive the Sentence of Death, when (at his Importunity) the Physicians told him there was no Hopes of his Recovery. *Then I have but a few weary Steps, he replied, and the Journey of Life will be finished.*

THIS was not a time for Affectation, all was open undissembled Goodness and a true Greatness of Mind: Nothing else could have supported him, when every Circumstance of Life conspired to allure him back to Life, to deepen the Shadows of the Grave, and make the King of Terrors more terrible.

THERE was not, my Lord, among the Race of Men, a more lovely and agreeable Person than your Brother; his Marriage was just concluded with the charming *Cleora*, he had just finished a noble Seat, and fine Gardens to receive her: When he was near Death, she came at his Request to take a last and sad farewell: Angels might have sorrow'd to see Tears in the brightest Eyes on Earth, while her Tenderness for you would have disguised her Anguish. This, with the Sight of a fond young Sister, fainting in her

Woman's Arms; your aged Father sitting near, silent and stupid with his Grief. What could support the Mind of Man in such complicated Distress! The accomplished Youth, who had all that was gentle and human in his Disposition, must have betray'd some Weakness, if he had not been assisted by a Power superior to Nature. But how equal, how steady was his Mind! how becoming, how graceful his whole Behaviour! Never was the last, the closing part of Life, performed with more Decency and Grandeur. His Reason was clear and elevated, and his Words were the very Language of Immortality, and excited at the same time, both *Pity* and *Envy* in those that were near him.

WHEN the cold Sweats hung on his Brows, and his Breath and Speech fail'd, Joy struggled through the Decay of Nature, and a heavenly Smile sat on his Face; a Smile that at once compell'd our Tears, and accus'd us of Weakness in them.

You, my Lord, attended him to the last Moment of Life, and when I pressed this Argument of a future State, you confess'd, that though you thought Religion a Delusion, it was the most agreeable Delusion in the World, and the Men who flattered themselves with those gay Visions, had much the Advantage of those that saw nothing before them but a gloomy Uncertainty, or the dreadful Hope of an Annihilation.

FROM this Uncertainty I was very sollicitous to draw you, while I was in a mortal State; but I have now a more ardent Desire to convince you, though

*from the Dead to the Living.* 5

though I cannot obtain the Permission to give you that Evidence you requested : However, this Letter may satisfy you that I am in a State of Existence ; nor is an Apparition from the Dead a greater Miracle than a Variety of Objects that daily surround you, and owe the Loss of their *Effect*, to your Familiarity with them.

HAPPY Minds in this superior State are still concern'd for the Welfare of Mortals, and make a thousand kind Visits to their Friends ; to whom, if the Laws of the immaterial Worlds did not forbid, it would be easy to make themselves visible, by the Splendor of their own Vehicles, and the Command they have on the Powers of material Things, and the Organs of Sight : It often seems a Miracle to us that you do not perceive us ; for we are not absent from you by *Places*, but by the different Conditions of the *States* we are in.

. You'll find this in your Closet, and may be assured it comes from

Your constant

And immortal Friend

CLERIMONT.

## 6 LETTERS



## LETTER II.

*From a Gentleman who died at Constantinople, to his Friend in England, giving him an account of the manner of his Death.*



OUR not hearing from me, my dear *Beville*, has given you too many dismal Apprehensions about the manner of my Death: And the Engagements of a generous Friendship, which are not extinguished with the Breath of Life, obliges me to give you this Satisfaction.

I MADE a longer Stay at *Constantinople* than I intended, and there it pleased Heaven that I should resign my Life, which for some Months gradually declined, but without any violent or painful Disorder, or indeed the least Apprehension that my Distemper was fatal. But my Days were number'd, and when the destin'd Hour drew near, after a sleepless Night, I rose with the Sun, and as I had never been so ill as to confine myself, I sought some Refreshment in one of those delicious Gardens that adorn the Shore of the *Bosphorus*.

AFTER a short Walk I found my Spirits sinking, and retiring to a Cypress Shade, I threw myself on a flow'ry Bank for some Refreshment:

A

from the Dead to the Living. 7

A gentle Slumber soon cloſed my Eyes, which was thrice broken by what I then thought an imaginary Call: The Voice perfectly resembled the charming *Almeria's*, whose Death, you know, was the occasion of my Travels. I was now perfectly awake, and listening to hear the gentle Summons again, but found I had neither Strength to rise, nor Power to call Affiſtance: An icy Coldneſs ſtop'd the Springs of Life, and after a little Struggle, my Spirit got unburthen'd of its Clay, the Curtain fell, and the invisible World appear'd. The firſt gentle Spirit that welcom'd me to theſe new Regions, was the lovely *Almeria*; but how Dazling! how divinely Fair! Extasy was in her Eyes, and inexpressible Pleaſure in every Smile! her Mein and Aspect more soft and propitious than ever was feign'd by Poets of their Goddess of Beauty and Love: What was airy Fiction *there*, was *here* all transporting Reality. With an inimitable Grace ſhe received me into her ætherial Chariot, which was ſparkling Saphire ſtudded with Gold: It roll'd with a spontaneous Motion along the Heavenly Plains, and ſtop'd at the Morning Star, our destin'd Habitation. But how ſhall I deſcribe this fair, this fragrant, this enchanting Land of Love! The delectable Vales and flow'ry Lawns, the Myrtle Shades and roſy Bowers, the bright Cascades and chryſtal Rivulets rolling over orient Pearls and Sands of Gold: Here they ſpread their ſilent Waves into broad transparent Lakes, ſmooth as the Face of Heaven; and there they break with rapid

### 3 LETTERS

rapid Force through arching Rocks of Diamond and Purple Amethyst. Plants of immortal Verdure creep up the sparkling Cliffs, and adorn the Prospect with unspeakable Variety.

Oh my *Beville*, could I lead you through the luxurious Bowers and soft Recesses where Pleasure keeps its eternal Festivals, and revels with guiltless and unmolested Freedom! Whatever can raise Desire, whatever can give Delight, whatever can satisfy the Soul in all the boundless Capacities of Joy is found here! Every Wish is replenish'd with full Draughts of vital Pleasure, such as elevate angelick Minds, and gratify the noblest Faculties of immortal Spirits. Oh *Beville*! my *Almeria* is as much superior to her former self here, as I thought her superior to the rest of her Sex upon Earth.

ALTAMONT.



LET-



## LETTER III.

*To the Countess of \*\*\*, from her only Son, who died when he was two Years old.*



OUR Grief is an Alay to my Happiness. The only Sentiment my Infant State was conscious of, was a Fondness for you, which was then pure Instinct and natural Sympathy, but is now Gratitude and filial Affection. As soon as my Spirit was releas'd from its uneasy Confinement, I found myself an active and reasonable Being. I was transported at the Advantage and superior manner of my Existence. The first Reflection I made was on my lovely Benefactor, for I knew you in that Relation in my infant State: But I was surprized to see you weeping over the little breathless Form from which I thought myself so happily deliver'd, as if you had lamented my Escape. The fair Proportion, the Agility, the Splendor of the new Vehicle, that my Spirit now inform'd, was so blest an Exchange, that I wonder'd at your Grief; for I was so little acquainted with the Difference of material and immaterial Bodies, that I thought myself as visible to your Sight as you was to mine. I was exceedingly moved at your Tears, but was ignorant why, unless because yours was

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## 10 LETTERS

the most beautiful Face next my Guardian Angel's, I had ever seen, and that you resembled some of the gay Forms that used to recreate my guiltless Slumbers, and smile on me in gentle Dreams. I was then ignorant of your maternal Relation to me, but remember'd that you had been my Refuge in all the little Distresses of which I had but a faint Notion. I left you unwillingly in the Height of your Calamity, to follow my radiant Guide to a Place of Tranquility and Joy, where I met thousands of happy Spirits of my own Order, who informed me of the History of my native World, for whose Inhabitants I have a peculiar Benevolence, and can't help interesting myself in their Welfare: But as I never discern'd between Good and Evil, nor experienc'd the Motives that govern'd the Race of Men, I am, I confess, astonish'd at their Conduct, and find their Joys and Sorrows to be all strange and unaccountable. I have made Visits to the lower World since my Decease; the first that I made was from a tender Curiosity to know if you was satisfied with the Disposal of Heaven in my early Fate; but I was surprized to find after several Months were past, your Grief oppress'd every Thought, and clouded all the Joys of your Life, which made me very inquisitive into my own History. I ask'd the Cælestial who was your Attendant, why I was so much lamented, and of what Consequence my Life would have been to the Publick or my own Family, since those fair Eyes were yet drown'd in Tears for one that had made such a short and insignificant Appearance below.

As

As for the Publick, the gentle Minister told me there was a Hazard, I might have prov'd a Blessing or Curse; but that I was the only Hope of an illustrious Family, and Heir to a vast Estate and distinguish'd Title; and pointing to a Coat of Arms, told me That was the Badge of my Dignity, the noble Seat we had in view, with the Gardens, Fields, the Woods and Parks that surrounded it were all my entail'd Possession.

A GOODLY Possession! I reply'd, and proper for the four-footed Animals that I beheld feeding on the verdant Pasture; but of what use these Fields and Woods had been to one that had an immortal Spirit I cannot conceive: And for a Title, what Happiness could an airy Syllable, an empty Sound, bring with it? The Coat of Arms I took for such a Toy, that if Burlesque had not been beneath the Dignity of an Angel, I should have thought the mentioning it a Ridicule on mortal Men. I cannot conceive wherein the Charm, the Gratification of these things consist. If I were possessed of the whole earthly Globe, what use could I make of this gross Element, the Dregs of the Creation? I have no dependance on Water, or Fire, or Earth, or Air. 'Tis unintelligible to me, that Hills and Vallies, Trees and Rivers, the Mines and Caverns under their Feet, any more than the Clouds that fly over their Heads, should be the wealth of reasonable Creatures. They may keep their Possessions unenvy'd by me: I am glad I did not live long enough to make so wrong a Judgment, nor to

acquire a Relish for such low Enjoyments. I am so little concern'd for the Loss of such an Inheritance, that if the black Prince of the airy Regions claim'd my Share, I would not dispute his Title, tho' he is my Aversion, and your Foe.

So superior, Madam, are my present Circumstances, to that of the greatest Monarch under the Sun, that all earthly Grandeur is Pageantry and Farce, compared to the real, the innate Dignity which I now possess. I am advanced to celestial Glory, and triumph in the Heights of immortal Life and Pleasure, whence Pity falls on the Kings of the Earth.

If you could conceive my Happiness, instead of the mournful Solemnity with which you interr'd me, you would have celebrated my Funeral Rites with Songs, and Festivals: Instead of the thoughtless thing you lately smiled on and caress'd, I am now in the Perfection of my Being, in the Elevation of Reason: Instead of a little Extent of Land, and the Propriety of so much Space to breathe in, I tread the starry Pavement, make the Circuit of the Skies, and breathe the Air of Paradise. I am secure of eternal Duration, and independent but on the Almighty, whom I love and adore, as the Fountain of my Being and Blessedness.

PARDON me, Madam, 'tis you now seem the Infant, and I repay you that superior Regard and Tenderness which you lately bestow'd on me.

NARCISSUS.

LET-



## LETTER IV.

*To my Lord \*\*\*\*\*, from a young Lady who was in  
a Convent in Florence.*



Y Lord, finding Materials in your Closet, I took the Opportunity of your Absence to give you this Intelligence of my Death: The Hand will convince you that it comes from your once loved *Ethelinda*.

I LIV'D but a few Weeks after you left *Italy*, such was the Excess of my Grief, tho' a strict Modesty still forced me to conceal my unhappy Passion from the most intimate Companion I had. After I had discover'd it to you, I durst confess the guilty Secret to none but the compassionate and forgiving Powers above, who assisted my Weakness, and confirm'd my Resolution never to comply with any of those Schemes you proposed to free me from my Confinement. You had indeed convinc'd me that the Vows I had made were rash and uncommanded; but oh! 'twas past; Saints and Angels heard it, the all-seeing Skies were invoked to witness the chaste Engagement; 'twas seal'd above, and enter'd in the Records of Heaven. Thus hopeless was my Passion,

Perjury and Sacrilege stood in all their Horrors before me, Ruin and eternal Perdition were betwixt us: And yet that I loved you, my Lord, I had too often subscribed to that soft Confession to leave you any doubt of it; nor was the tender Frailty without Excuse, if all the Merit Man could boast, if every Grace that Nature could give or gentle Art improve deserved Distinction, it had been a Crime to have been insensible in any Circumstance but mine. Strange Circumstance that could make it *Vertue* to look coldly on you.

THERE was the Emphasis of my Misery, mine was a Heart devoted to superior Ardours, and sacred to Heaven alone; that Heaven which is my impartial Judge and Witness how sincerely I strove to blot you from my Soul. But neither Reason, nor the nicest Sense of Honour, nor even Devotion could assist me; still you return'd on my Imagination triumphant in all your Charms. Hopeless of the Conquest, I gave myself up to Grief and Despair, resolving never to attempt my Escape from the Holy Retreat to which my Vows had confined me, but rather to fall a Victim to the sacred Names of Chastity and Truth. Heaven accepted the Sacrifice, and Death my kind Deliverer, at once released me from Misery and Mortality. The chrystral Gates open'd a spacious Entrance, and the blest Immortals received me to the Mansions of Life and Bliss.

WHATEVER was feign'd of *Elysian* Fields and *Cyprian* Groves, is here without Delusion surpass'd: These are the Imperial Seats, the native Dominions

Dominions of Love: Here his holy Torch flames out with propitious Splendor, and his golden Shafts are dip'd in immortal Joys. Here are no Vows that tear us from our Wishes, no Conflict betwixt Passion and Virtue; what we like we admire, what we admire we enjoy, nor is it more our Happiness than Commendation so to do.

THAT unhappy Passion which was my Torment and Crime is now my Glory and my Boast. Nothing selfish or irregular, nothing that needs Restraint or Disguise mingles with the noble Ar-  
dour. 'Tis all calm and beneficent, becoming the Dignity of Reason, and the Grandeur of an immortal Mind, and is as lasting as its Essence. When the Lamps of Heaven are quench'd, when the Sun has burnt out its Splendor, this Divine Principle shall shine with undiminish'd Lustre, the Joy and Triumph of the Heavenly Nations: The Substance of Love, my Lord, dwells in Heaven, its Shadow only is to be found upon Earth.

ETHELINDA.



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L E T-



## LETTER V.

To



OU remember as we were on a clear Summer Evening gazing on the Beauty of the Stars, I promis'd, if you survived me, to give you an account of the Planetary Worlds and their Inhabitants. I have not made half the Tour of the Skies, but will, if I can, describe to you the last of these Novelties in which I entertain'd myself. 'Twas in a Region immense Spaces distant from that System which is enlighten'd by your Sun, and created numberless Ages before the Foundations of the Earth were laid, and the Measure thereof described before the Day-spring knew its Place, and the Bounds of Darkness were determin'd. Before Man was form'd of the Ground, and the Almighty breath'd into him a living Soul; an unmeasurable Duration before this, the unlimited Creator had made and peopled millions of glorious Worlds. The Inhabitants of this which I am describing, stood their Probation, and are confirmed in their original Rectitude, but will never be admitted into the Empyrean Heaven, being uncapable of that suprem Degree of Happiness which Angels and the Spirits of just Men attain.

attain. However, they are exempt from all Evil, blest to the Height of their Faculties and Conceptions: and are priviledged with Immortality; their Residence may properly be call'd the enchanted World: Whatever you have heard fabled of Fairy Scenes, of vocal Groves, and Palaces rising to Magick Sounds, is all real here, and performed by the easy and natural Operations of these active Spirits. I have in an Instant seen Palaces ascend to a majestic Height, sparkling as the Stars, and transparent as the unclouded Æther. I might describe them like the courtly Prophet; *Their Walls were fair Colours, their Foundation Sapphire, the Windows of Agate, and the Gates of Carbuncle.* Their Materials here are all glittering and refined, not like the Earthly Globe, dark and heavy. These Ætherials are the nicest Judges of Symmetry and Proportion, and by the Disposition of Light and Shade, and the Mixture of a thousand dazzling Colours form the most charming Prospects: They have such a Command and Knowledge of the Powers of Nature, that in an instant they raise a variety of *Sylvan* Scenes, and carry the Perspective thro' verdant Avenues and flow'ry Walks to an unmeasurable Length; while living Fountains cast up their silver Spouts, and form glittering Arches among the Trees, of Growth and Verdure not to be expressed.

THEY are acquainted with all the utmost Mysteries of Sound, and are possess'd with the very Soul of Harmony. Art is theirs in all its changing Notes, its Blandishments and Graces.

Whatever

Whatever Nature can boast in her wild licentious Charms is govern'd by them. The winding Vales, the Streams and Groves breathe Musick at their Command. The Nightingal and dying Swan seem to complain to gentle Zephirs whispering through the Trees, while a thousand airy Songsters warble to the measured Fall of high Cascades; which by Intervals sinking into a deep Silence, after a graceful Pause, shrill Recorders and silver Trumpets sound, while harmless Thunders roll above, and break with a glorious Solemity: Still the blissful Tempest rises, and swells the Mind to sacred Grandeur and seraphic Elevation; 'till subdued and melted into Softness by the Melody of tuneful Reeds, warbling Lutes, and sweet enchanting Voices, of the *Lydian* Strain.

THE Language of this charming Region is perfectly musical and elegant, and becoming the fair Inhabitants, who are fresh and rosy as the opening Morning, clear as the Meridian Light, and fragrant as the Breath of Jessamin or new-blown Roses. How exquisitely proportion'd their Shapes! Their Aspect how transporting! How gentle, how charming beyond all the Race of Mortal Men! Never did the Eye-lids of the Morning open on such Perfection, never did the Sun since first it journey'd through the Skies behold such Beauty, nor can human Fancy in its most inspired Flights conceive such amiable Wonders. Perhaps in all my Planetary Rambles I shall not be able to give you an account of any Objects

*from the Dead to the Living.* 19

Objects more surprizing. But while I am permitted, I shall continue my Intelligence to the most agreeable Friend I had on Earth; and be assured when you are released from Mortality you will meet, in spight of distance of Time and Place, (those mortal Foes to Love upon Earth)

Your constant  
and unchang'd

JUNIUS.



D L E T- >



## LETTER VI.

To



Y dear Sister, tho' the Engagements of Nature are cancell'd, the superior Obligations of Virtue remain in their full Force. You have been faithful to my Memory, and the strictest Rules of Piety, though it has proved of fatal Consequence to the unhappy Man who was lately my Husband, and by that Relation a Brother to you. With inward Grief and Compassion I saw the guilty Inclination, but never utter'd the least Complaint, nor gave him one uneasy Moment. I knew your Mind as faultless as your Form, and saw you govern'd in all your Conduct by conscious Honour and unblemish'd Virtue: Envy itself could not have reproach'd you with the least Deviation from Modesty, and Truth; nor was the Promise I would have extorted from the guilty Youth on my Death-bed, the Effect of Jealousy, but a kind Design to reclaim him, and free you from his Importunity, if I could have engaged him, as I desir'd, not to converse with you after my Decease; but he was sincere enough to refuse me, and as soon as a slight Formality would suffer him, he pursued his incestuous

cestuous Passion. Your obstinate Repulses have at last the tragical Effect I expected. From the moment that he heard the Day of your Marriage with the illustrious *Montandre* was set, he resolved on the unnatural Fact; and never was Self-murder performed in a more calm and deliberate manner: He spent part of the Evening with two of his Friends, Men of Wit and Learning: His Discourse with them was all intended to prove the Right a Man has to dispose of his Life, and put an end to his Being, when it was rather his Burthen than Happiness. He return'd to his House in a more early Hour than usual, and retiring to his Chamber, call'd for a young and only Daughter that I had left him; taking her in his Arms, while the lovely Infant smil'd on him, Tears drop'd from his Eyes: When he would have bless'd it, the unbelieving Prayer faulter'd on his Tongue; and delivering the Child to its Nurse, he order'd his Servants to deny him to all Company. As soon as he was alone, he wrote that moving Letter, which you receiv'd: When he had finish'd and seal'd it, he took a *Lucretius* from the Table, and read and paus'd by Intervals; at last, looking on his Watch, just at Two he fasten'd his Chamber Door, and drew his Sword, repeating the following Lines, which I wish had never been writ, as I assure you does the Author of them too.

— Here's a quick Relief  
To all thy vain, imaginary Grief:

D 2

For

*For thou shalt sleep, and never wake again,  
And quitting Life, shalt quit thy living Pain,  
The worst that can befall thee, measur'd right,  
Is a sound Slumber, and a long Good-night.*

Then directing the Point exactly at his Heart he fell on his Sword, and immediately expired ; and left a tender Orphan friendless and expos'd.

THIS is the Motive of my writing to you, that you would take the Charge of her Education, and protect her infant Innocence. Be sure to perform this generous Office, as you would prosper, and be yourself protected in any of the Calamities of human Life. By desiring you to make all possible Provision for her Happiness, I present you with an Opportunity of promoting your own.

AMANDA.



LET-



## LETTER VII.

To

 Y dear *Emilia*, 'twill be impossible for me to give you the Intelligence I promis'd from the invisible Regions, unless I could translate the Language of Paradise into that of Mortals: For here are a thousand Beauties un-reveal'd, and a thousand Delights un-nam'd among the Race of Men. We drink at the Fountain-head of Happiness, and bathe in the Rivers of immortal Pleasure: The sprightly Hours dance along, crowned with Love and un-utterable Extasy.

You were witness to my dying Agony, I saw your last kind Tears, and gave up my Breath in your Arms. But how chang'd was the Scene in a Moment, from the Gloom and Horror of a Death-bed, to the Smiles and Songs of Angels, who conducted me to the Æthereal Heights; a thousand dazzling Wonders met my view; the Heavens in Pomp unfolded their Glories; the Paradise of God open'd before me, in all its blissful and transporting Scenes; the happy Groves stood crown'd with unfading Verdure; the

the lucid Currents danc'd along, o'er Sands of Gold ; the charming Bowers display'd their ever-blooming Pride, and breath'd *Ambrosia* ; the Palaces of the Heavenly Powers ascended with exquisite Magnificence, sparkling far beyond all the Glories of the lower Skies, and resounded with the Voice of Festivity and Joy.

THE first gentle Spirit that welcomed me to these happy Mansions, was your charming Brother, gay as a *Cherubim*, the heavenly Loves and Graces triumph'd in all his Form, vital Pleasure danc'd in his Eyes, Life and Celestial Bloom sat smiling on his Face, a Wreath of unfading Flowers circled his Head, and a golden Lute was in his Hand, whose Harmony join'd to his melting Voice, far surpass'd all Description. That tender, innocent Passion I had long conceiv'd for him, kindled at the first Interview, and has taken eternal possession of my Soul.

BUT how shall I make you sensible, of what an Angel's flowing Song, in all the Pomp of Heavenly Harmony would not fully describe. In what Figures of Celestial Eloquence, shall I relate the Loves of Immortal Spirits ; or tell you the Height, the Extent, the Fulness of their Bliss ! All the soft Engagements on Earth, the tender Sympathies, and the most holy Union that Nature knows, are but faint Similitudes for the Sanctity and Grandeur of these Divine Enjoyments. Hope and languishing Expectation are no more, and all Desire is lost in full and compleat Fruition.

LOVE

LOVE reigns in eternal Triumph, here it governs every Heart, and dwells on every Tongue.

*They tune their golden Harps to the great Name  
Of Love, immortal Love, their darling Theme.  
Ten thousand Echoes thro' the lightsome Plains  
Repeat the clear, the sweet melodious Strains.  
The Fields rejoice, the fragrant Groves around  
Blossom afresh at their enchanting Sound:  
The Heav'n of Heav'ns from dazzling heights above  
Returns the Name, and hails the Pow'r of Love.*

BUT oh ! when the fair Face of Eternal Love unveils its original Glories, and appears in the Perfection of uncreated Beauty, how wondrous, how ineffable the Vision ! Fulness of Joy is in his Presence, Rapture and inexpressible Extacy. The fairest Seraph stops his Lute, and with a graceful Pause confesses the Subject too great for his most exalted Strain. How impetuously do the Streams of immortal Joy roll in, and enlarge the Faculties of every heavenly Mind !

YE sacred Mysteries un-reveal'd to Men, Ye Glories un-prophan'd by mortal Eyes, forgive the bold Attempt that would describe you ! — The only Description that Mortals can receive of you is, that you are not to be describ'd.

DELLA.

LET.



## LETTER VIII.

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To

HEN you had just made me happy, and rewarded the most tender Passion in the World with the Possession of your Charms, I was compell'd to make a Voyage to *Spain*.

You saw the inward Struggle of my Soul, and that I must suffer the Anguish of Death in leaving you, when you surpriz'd me with the unexpected generous Offer, to follow me through all the Dangers of the Seas. Charm'd with the Proposal, I took you at your word, and rashly ventur'd my darling Treasure to the Hazards of a Voyage. I lost my Life in your Defence against an *Algerine Corsair*. The Cause was just, and met with its Approbation in the Seats of Peace and Happiness. For my own Lot, I could not wish it more advantageous, and for yours, such Virtue in Distress will be the peculiar Care of Heaven. The Barbarian that made you his Prize, treated you with an unaccustom'd Gentleness; nor has the illustrious *Baffa*, that ransom'd you out of his Power at an immense Price, given you the least Occasion of Reproach. In the Height

of

of his Passion he has always observ'd even the Sanctity of the Christian Rules, and treated you with a Submission very different from the Principles and Customs of his Country. Though he has courted you to increase the Number of his Wives, he seems to have such an absolute Command of himself, even in the Warmth of his youthful Desires, that you need fear no Violence from the generous Infidel: But should the worst you imagine arrive, Heaven has a thousand ways to protect your Innocence. Depend on that, and let not the Extravagance of your Grief persuade you, that 'tis lawful to free yourself by the fatal Opiate which you keep for that Design. The heavenly *Genii* that attend you have made a thousand Impressions on your sleeping Fancy to warn you from the desperate Attempt. Sometimes you have been led through the desolate Shades where unhappy Ghosts complain, the gloomy Caverns, the Abodes of eternal Horror have been open'd to your View. Sometimes the Rewards of Patience and constant Virtue have display'd their Glories to your pleas'd Imagination, and by the soft inspiring Whispers of celestial Beings, your restless Thoughts have been compos'd, while the Realms of Joy have unfolded their Delights in visionary Prospects to you. By heavenly Scenes and gentle Slumbers your Griefs were calm'd, the Tempest of your Passions suspended. Then quietly attend the Event, and the gentle *Calicara* will find a way to free you. 'Till *Abubecar* saw you, she was his

darling Slave, and as he is handsome to Admiration, she lov'd and renounc'd the Christian Faith for him ; but still the fair Apostate in her Heart adores the Name which her Tongue has deny'd. This, tho' you are her Rival, fills her Soul with the softest Compassion for you, and makes her abhor the Task that her insolent Master has impos'd, of persuading you to quit the Possession of the Heavenly Truth, which is your Happiness and Glory. But she is so far from giving you that infernal Counsel, that she has with Tears and Intreaties persuaded you to die, rather than abandon your glorious Hopes and Title to Immortality. Nor will she rest, 'till she has by some means or other secur'd you from *Abubecar's* Importunity ; of complying with which, she has experienc'd the delusive and bitter Consequence.

Y O U R Coldness and Aversion, with the Ascendant her Wit and Vivacity has on his Temper, will soon recover the youthful Wanderer, and restore her to an absolute Empire over him ; and then you are secure of a guiltless Protection, 'till you can give your Friends in *England* Intelligence of your Circumstances, who will soon pay your Ransom ; which no one can for Virtue lost.

I N the mean time, if you love my Memory, moderate the Excess of your Grief for my Death, which however tragical it appear'd, was glorious and happy for me. I fell in the Ardour of a brave Action, in the Defence of your Beauty and Liberty, and my own Life. The Wounds I receiv'd

ceiv'd gave a free Passage to my Soul, which took its Flight with no other Regret, but that of parting with you, if it may be call'd a Separation, for I have been your constant Attendant in my invisible State, your unseen Companion in the beautiful Walks and Bowers where you so frequently spend your Hours of Retirement. I should with Pleasure hear you repeat my Name, as I often do, and in the softest Language express the Constancy of a virtuous Passion, could you restrain those Floods of Tears, and be more resign'd to the Will of Heaven. But let this assure you, that I am in the Height of Happiness, and when your own Life is finish'd, we shall meet to part no more; which Circumstance, though you through your Partiality for me may too highly value, believe me, you will find it by much the smallest Blessing of this Place.

AMINTOR.





## LETTER IX.

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To SYLVIA.



ROM the fragrant Bowers, the ever-blooming Fields, and light-some Regions of the Morning Star, I wish Health, and every Blessing to the charming *Sylvia*! the Blessing of the Earth.

I HAVE a Secret to reveal to you, of the greatest Importance to your present and future Happiness. You are as much a Stranger to your own Rank and Circumstances, as I was to mine, 'till I came here, where I met a fair Spirit, who inform'd me, that when she was a Mortal, I was her Son, and not the Heir of the Earl of \*\*\*\*\*, as was suppos'd; and that the Lord \*\*\* is your own Brother. 'Tis necessary that you should know and discover this to him, which will prevent that innocent Fondness, which he now indulges for you, from growing into a guilty Passion.

You have been educated only as a Depend-  
ant on the noble Family you are in, and as a Com-  
panion

panion to the young Ladies, who are really your Sisters. The Mystery is this: My Lord, your Father, had several Daughters successively by the Countess your Mother, but no lawful Heir, which made him fond of a natural Son that he had by a Mistress. His Affection for him was so extravagant, that he contrived to settle his Estate on him: This gave your Mother such Anxiety, that her Jealousy and Aversion to the Youth, put her on this rash Design, when she was with Child to exchange it, if it proved a Daughter. My Mother, who was married out of her Service, and in whom she could entirely confide, was with Child of me at the same time. Their time of Delivery was very near together; my Mother had a Son, and you prov'd a Daughter. The Affair was manag'd with such Dexterity, that I was exchang'd, and pass'd without Suspicion for the Countess's Son, and you was receiv'd by my Mother, and was suppos'd to be her Daughter: But within a Year the Countess had really a Son, but she dying as soon as she was deliver'd, the Secret was undiscover'd.

I LIV'D a guiltless Impostor 'till I was ten Years old, when a sudden Decay wither'd my tender Bloom; but as I had been bred in the strictest Notions of Piety and Truth, without any childish Prejudices or slavish Fears, I expected my approaching End, whilst Death made his Advances arm'd with a golden headed Dart. I had no Notions of Misery, all my Expectations were bright, tho' imperfect, of some Paradise

dise beyond the Grave ; and closing my Eyes, I fell asleep, and wak'd to immortal Life and Happiness. All that was past look'd like a Dream, like an airy Image, of I know not what. Some Notion I had of a God, and my Dependence on him ; but how different from the Illumination that broke in on my Soul, the Moment it threw off its mortal Veil. 'Twas then I began to live and reflect : 'Twas then I found myself a rational Being, and look'd back with Contempt, on the insignificant Part I had been acting. The Memory of my original Follies, the childish Baubles and Toys that had just before been my Diversion, would have given me some Confusion, if my Case had been singular ; but I met thousands of gay Spirits newly releas'd, who had perform'd their short Task, and finish'd their trifling Farces of Life ; at the same time transported at their present superior Circumstances, they made the most agreeable Reflections on their past State. What Grandeur, what Vivacity, what Enlargement of their intellectual Powers ! How sparkling, how resembling the Angels of God their Forms ! While a perfect Consciousness, and exact Remembrance of what they were but a few Moments past, rais'd their Joy and Gratitude to the height, and recommended Heaven itself.

THERE was one Circumstance in my early Death, that makes me look on it as a peculiar Favour, in that I was removed by the just Dispensation of Heaven, from the Possession of what is, in the strictest Equity, your Brother's Right.

This

This Reflection, from a Principle of Justice and Truth, gave me an ineffable Satisfaction; since if I had liv'd, I had been the unhappy, tho' innocent Usurper of a Rank and Inheritance, to which I had not the least real Title. This, with a thousand other Advantages, makes me bless the Period that freed me from Mortality; that happy Moment that deliver'd me from Ignorance and Vanity; from the Errors, the Guilt, the Miseries of human Life; of which, tho' I had but little Experience, I am now fully inform'd of the State of my Fellow Creatures, and with what Toil and Hazard a longer Course of Years had been attended.

I REMEMBER no Engagement to the World, but my Affection for you; nor has Death effac'd the tender Impression, but what was then a natural Sympathy, is now a rational Esteem. I view with Pleasure your growing Virtue, and frequent my native World for your sake. There was something perfectly engaging in the guiltless Sorrow you express'd in my Sickness; and when my Eyes were clos'd in Death, you would have watched the breathless Clay, in hopes to wake me from the fatal Slumbers again; nor could the gloomy Solemnity of a Room of State deter you from paying your Visits to the silent Relicts. If any thing could have tempted me to wish myself a Mortal again, it would have been the tender Tears you shed for me. The only Intervals of human Life I review with pleasure, are the Hours

I spent with you: This gentle Passion was the Stamp of Heaven on my Soul, the first soft Impression it receiv'd, and it gains new Energy in these happy Regions, of pure Beneficence and Love. This gives me a constant Sollicitude, while I see you on the Borders of such a Temptation. You are yet perfectly guiltless, and have done nothing unbecoming the Sanctity of Nature, and the chast Affection of a Sister for a Brother; but you are on the very Limits of Danger, a Step farther, the least Advance, involves you in Sin and Destruction. I know this Discovery will give you a secret Horror, and quench every kindling Desire. The Purity of your Vertue will start at the enchanting Error, that might have led you on to certain Perdition; for young as you are, the contagious Spark is ready to kindle, and the lovely Boy appears more alluring. Your mutual Conversation, and the early Dawning of superior Merit in both, endear'd you to each other, by such Sentiments, as only noble and virtuous Minds experience. But as a more late Discovery might have been fatal to your Innocence and Peace, I impatiently attended an Opportunity and Method to make you sensible of your Danger. I know, (tho' I have been dead four Years) you still remember me, and I have often heard you name me, and seen you with delight gazing on my Picture; this made me resolve to appear to you when I saw you. The first Opportunity that pleas'd me, you were sitting, gazing at your

own

own Reflection, and sticking Flowers in your Hair, to adorn it for your young Lover. I knew you had read of Fairies, and look'd at painted *Cupids* with delight: In such a Poetical Form I thought you would have heard my Story, and been pleas'd with my Figure.

*While youthful Splendor lighten'd in my Eyes,  
Clear as the smiling Glory of the Skies ;  
Sprinkled with radiant Gold, a Purple Hue  
My Wings display'd, my Robe celestial Blue :  
More white than Flax my curling Tresses flow'd,  
My dimpled Cheeks with rosy Beauty glow'd.*

I COULD not have believ'd a Form more gay than those that glitter'd on your Fan, could have discompos'd you; but to my Surprize, I saw you faint away, before I had begun to speak to you. You soon recover'd from the Swoon, and returning to the House, told a Story, which you found no body believ'd; so wise is the Age in which you live, as not to be impos'd on. You easily persuaded yourself 'twas no more than a Dream. However, I durst attempt your Courage no more, but give you this important Information, this way; which, if you should not credit, you are undone. In this Admonition your Guardian Angel joins with

ALEXIS.

F

L E T.



## LETTER X.

To LEONORA.



OUR Story of seeing an Apparition in the Garden, I perceive has frighted your whole Family, and not a Mortal durst venture into the haunted Walk, as they call it, after the Sun sets, but your Brother, to whom I have not the least Intention to shew myself. 'Twas only to you, my charming *Leonora*, the Visit was design'd. I flatter'd myself, your good Sense and uncommon Presence of Mind, would have guarded you from those unreasonable Fears.

As I expected, the fine Evening induc'd you to take your accustom'd Walk: The Sun was hardly set, when you enter'd a long Avenue of Trees, that led to a green flow'ry Arch, which look'd on a Sylvan Palace; here I seated myself in a human, and as I thought, a very agreeable Figure and Dress, and as much as possible, disguising the Splendor of Immortality, I imitated my mortal Form, and so placed myself, that by seeing me at a distance, you might come nearer without Surprize, or retire if your Courage fail'd.

As

As soon as you perceiv'd me, you stop'd in some Consternation, and seem'd in suspense, whether you should go nearer or make your Retreat. I durst not rise, nor make the least Offer to follow, for fear you should take your Flight with too much Speed and Disorder: And as you found I was a very civil Apparition, and would not intrude on your Retirement, you went off with a sober and decent Pace, often looking back to convince yourself that what you saw was real. As soon as you had reach'd the House, I shifted my material Figure, for one more becoming the Dignity of the celestial Condition, and being again invisible, I heard the fantastick Relation you gave your Brother, who told you, 'twas all the Effect of the Spleen, and obstinate Grief you had indulg'd since my Death; but you still asserted the Reality of what you told him; but he believed it no more than if he had heard it from the Pulpit.

You might have dismiss'd every Thought of Fear. I would not have injur'd you when I was a Mortal, liable to Folly and Error, much less in a State of Perfection and Happiness. There is not a Spark of Guilt or Malignity, left in virtuous Minds, when releas'd from their earthly Prison, all is gentle and kind, and their Concern for Human Welfare is infinitely more tender and disinterested than before.

THE Terror with which Men fly us, would have something in it incredible, if we did not remember our own original Folly and Ignorance,

but as we do, your strange Apprehensions only divert and entertain us. If you thought justly, you would have more Reason to run full speed from one another, than from us, who have neither Permission nor Inclination to injure, but are ready to screen you in a thousand Dangers, and to promote your Interest with the most generous Concern, while you are entirely ignorant of your Benefactors. Were human Organs more refin'd, and your Perceptions heighten'd to a greater Delicacy, you would see a thousand Æthereal Forms in the full Bloom of immortal Beauty and undecaying Life, not fashion'd to give you Terror, but Love and Delight.

You see, my dear *Leonora*, I would fain cure your Prejudices, and reconcile you to the Society of Spirits, that you may sometimes permit me to warn your unguarded Years, when Dangers and Snares attend you.

You know your Father left me the Guardian of your Fortune and Beauty, so favourable was his Opinion of me. This Circumstance made me miserable, and at once cut off all my future Views of Happiness. I had indulg'd a secret Passion for you, and flatter'd myself you had the same for me; but as my Birth and Fortune were much inferior to yours, I was resolved rather to die, than use the Advantage that was in my Power, or to violate the sacred Trust I had undertaken.

• By a thousand little soft Inadvertencies, you discover'd your Passion, but tho' secure of Success, I durst not seduce you into a Compliance of Marriage

riage so vastly below your high Rank and Character, nor take the Advantage of betraying your thoughtless Years, to an Action unbecoming your Quality and Fortune. My Soul was unstain'd with any Design that was mean and selfish, and the entire Confidence your Father had in my Integrity and Conduct, fix'd my Resolution of acting up to the severest Rules of Virtue and Truth. But to what Distress was I reduc'd ! I lov'd you to Madness, while I never approach'd you but with a dissembled Indifference. This Restraint, and the constant Agitation of my Thoughts, disorder'd my Health, and threw me into a violent Fever, which soon finish'd my Life. The Justice and Fidelity of my Conduct found its immense Reward, and left me nothing to repent of, but the giving my Trust entirely to your Brother's Care, whose licentious Manners will expose you to a thousand Dangers. To repair this Negligence, I would fain have induced you to a Conversation, that might have directed your Conduct, and fortified your Virtue by my friendly Admonition : But since your Fears put it out of my power ever to be visible to you again, I must take this way to convince you how unchangeable my Concern for your Happiness is : Oh let it not be dearer to me than it is to yourself !

CLERIMONT.

LET.



## LETTER XI.

*To the same.*



LEAVE your fellow Mortals to congratulate your Recovery, but I must own 'twas a Disappointment to me. You were on the Confines of Immortality; the Angels, who are Ministring Spirits to the Heirs of Salvation, had prepared their Song of Triumph to receive you: I had wreath'd a Garland of the fairest Flowers that bloom'd in the Paradise of God, to crown such early and distinguish'd Virtue. With Impatience I number'd your Moments, and expected every one would be your last. The sparkling Vivacity of your Eyes expired, the Roses on your Cheeks vanish'd into a mortal Paleness, and the Springs of Life seem'd just ready to cease their Motion; when he, who governs Nature with a supream Command, restored you back to Health. Your Recovery was surprizing, even to Angels, who tho' ignorant of the various Limits the Sovereign Disposer has set to human Life, yet they often make exact Conjectures of the Course of Second Causes, and the Period of mortal Lives.

You

You are certainly given back as a Blessing to the World; your Example may yet make a thousand Proselytes to Virtue: But for my part, nothing but the Will of Heaven could reconcile me to this Dispensation: When you was just in the Harbour to be toss'd back again on the tempestuous Ocean: When you had welcom'd Death as your kind Deliverer, ready to free you from *Cassandra's* Importunity, and your Brother's Tyranny, who will do his utmost to compel you to this detestable Marriage. But your Constancy to refuse it, is of the highest Importance to your present and future Happiness: He is already married under a borrowed Name, to a young and beautiful *Italian*, whom he stole from her Parents, and after he had liv'd two Months conceal'd with her, the perjured Man left and abandon'd her to Misery. In the Height of her Anguish, she put herself into a Nunnery, where she wafts her Days in a reluctant and unprofitable Devotion; for true Religion cannot exist but by our Choice. Necessity can give nothing but the Appearance of it.

THIS is a Secret, of which you would never have been inform'd by any Human Means: If you discover it to your Brother, it will deliver you from the Violence which he is determin'd to use, to force you to wed *Cassandra*, another Name for Misery.

'Tis a disinterested Concern for you, that makes me give you this Advice. There is no Jealousy in heavenly Minds, they know their Preheminence,

nence, and should they appear in their celestial Splendor, the most perfect Beauty of the Children of Men would wither in their Presence. But Vanity and Emulation are no more, and all selfish Designs are unknown in these happy Continents. You may, by making a proper use of this Notice, provide for your own Happiness; but blessed be the great Author of all Good! you can't add to mine.

CLERIMONT.



LET.



## LETTER XII.

*To my dear Brother.*



OUR Friend, the unhappy *Carlos* died this Night at *Naples*. I was willing to surprize you with this Intelligence, in a way which no human Speed can reach.

I wish my Endeavours for your Reformation, may have more Success now, than they had when I was in a State of Mortality. I am persuaded if you had seen the Exit of the wretched Youth, who had been the Companion of your Riots, it would have convinc'd you of the Falsehood of his Principles, and how little support the Thoughts of falling back into his original Nothing gave him, when the gloomy Hour approach'd in which he was to lose the sight of the Sun and Stars, with all the visible Beauties of Nature for ever.

To be insensible! — To be no more! — To find his Eyes closing in an eternal Sleep! gave him inexpressible Horrors. But if this was the worst that he apprehended, never did Mortal give up his Life in a manner more cowardly and inconsistent: He durst not bear Darkness or Solitude

litude one Moment: He started at a Shadow, and shew'd a more than childish Fear and Weakness in his Actions: He even beg'd his Physicians to flatter him with the Hopes of Life, and not let him know if they thought his Case desperate: He charged his Attendant not to mention Death or the Grave, nor to speak a serious Word in his hearing. Tho' his Affairs were in the utmost Disorder, no Person durst venture to advise him to settle them by a Will: But all these Cautions gave him no Relief. The Anguish, the Guilt, the Confusion of his Mind, was visible in his Looks. The abandon'd *Amoret*, who had followed him in the Disguise of a Page, was seldom permitted to see him; and whenever she approach'd him, he trembled, and fell into the greatest Agonies, closed his Eyes, or turn'd them from her, but spoke nothing to support her in the Distress he had brought on her, nor express'd the least Remorse, for having seduced her to leave the noble *Sebastian*, to whom she was engaged by Marriage Vows, and a thousand tender Obligations. His Peevishness and Impatience were insufferable, and even despicable to his own Servants. When the medicines he took, had not their expected Success, he reproach'd his Physicians with Negligence or want of Skill; and yet by Intervals implored their Assistance, as if his Being itself depended on their Art. His Senses were perfect to the last Gasp; with Amazement he saw the universal Terror make its slow and dreadful Approaches; and after a tedious and painful

painful Struggle, yielded to the gloomy Conqueror, and with a deep Groan, gave up his Breath, and went to make the Great Experiment. I hope this Account of your Friend's Death, will have the happy Effect I design'd in it, and make you recollect the Counsel I gave you with my dying Breath: The best Legacy I could bequeath, if I had had Empires to dispose of.

My dear Brother, I can have no selfish Motives now, in endeavouring to reclaim your Extravagances. In this superior State, my Concern for your Happiness must be all abstract and generous. The Acknowledgements of indigent, miserable Mortals, signify nothing to Spirits exalted to celestial Dignities, in the full Enjoyment of immortal Pleasures: But this gives them the most kind and beneficent Dispositions to erring Men, whom they would fain allure into the Paths that lead to Happiness. Those glimmering Sparks of Goodness and Amity which in your cold Regions are but just dawning in virtuous Minds, in these warmer Climates, acquire new Ardour, and burn with eternal Splendor.

I HAVE more Zeal than ever for your Interest, and let me recall, but not reproach you, with the Obligations you have to pay some Regard to my Advice. You know, when we lost the best of Parents, that he left his whole Estate to my Disposal, with such a moderate Fortune to your Share, as must have restrain'd your wild Expences: But when I found you had some Sense of your Folly, in hopes to reform you, by generous

Treatment, I immediately settled on you half the vast Fortune that was in my power. I will not urge my venturing my Life in your Defence, when assaulted in our Travels, for this was but an Action of Humanity, which every brave Man owes to a perfect Stranger: But I must insist on the Merit of resigning my Pretensions to the lovely *Bellamira*, for you. She was all the Joy, the Hope, I had on Earth. I lov'd her as I lov'd Virtue and Happiness, and yet when you discover'd to me the Anguish and Disorder of your Mind, and your violent Passion for her, I made a Retreat, and left the weeping Beauty to reproach me with a Levity and Indifference, to which my Heart was a Stranger; disguis'd my tender Inclination, and pleaded yours with such Success, that she yielded to your Request, and gave her matchless Charms, and immense Fortune, to your possession.

BUT this advantageous Match had not the Effect I hoped, nor was the least Restraint to your licentious manner of Life. You acted a shameful Part in assisting *Carlos* in his Affair with *Amoret*, and a more shameful one in promising to protect and support her, if he abandon'd her, when you knew what repeated Favours you had receiv'd from the injured and generous *Sebastian*. Your treacherous and ungrateful Treatment of a Man of his exalted Merit, fills me with the greatest Remorse and Confusion. A thousand and a thousand times have I reproach'd myself, for having been the unhappy Instrument of *Bellamira's*

ra's Ruin, who pined beneath her Grief, like a fair Flower blasted in its Prime. I never met her Eyes, but she might have seen the Remorse and Confusion of my Soul. The Negligence and Contempt with which you treated the best of Women, sunk my youthful Spirits, damp'd my noblest Designs, and clouded the gayest Season of my Life. While Death made its slow and silent Approaches, the last Favour I beg'd of you, was to be just to your unhappy Wife, in breaking all Engagements with the lewd and infamous *Amoret*. This you promis'd me with a religious Solemnity ; but I know her present Distress, though the just effect and reward of her Crimes, will be your Snare. She is all Enchantment, and will, I fear, be your Ruin ; but if you reject my Advice, take this Caution from the Royal Penitent, *Her House is the way to Death, and her Gates lead down to Hell*. And I desire you to consider seriously, that this Admonition must rescue you from, or double your Guilt.

C L E A N D E R.



L E T.



## LETTER XIII.

To



OWEVER different my present manner of Existence is, from my former State, my Affection to the fair *Climene* is unchang'd. As I live, and act in a way inexpressibly superior to mortal Life, so the beneficent Dispositions of my Nature, rise to a more noble and generous Height. My Concern for your Happiness is more tender and disinterested than ever: I have guarded your nightly Slumbers, waited on your solitary Walks, and follow'd you like your Attendant Angel; who pleas'd with my officious Care, has often left you to my Charge. Your present Danger gives me as much Anxiety, as consists with a State of Happiness. I could not refrain from giving you this Warning, which to your Surprise, you'll find on your Toilet, among Trifles, the most its Reverse.

YOU are, O too credulous Fair! on the very Brink of Ruin: Treachery and Delusion are in *Alcander's* Eyes and Tongue, and if you keep this Night's Appointment with him, you are undone. Infamy and Berdition are before you: The evil *Genii*, that envy the Happiness of the human Race, already insult my pious Care; and your

your celestial Guardian seems half resolved to quit his Trust; the tender Grief hangs on his beautiful Face, like a Cloud on the rosy Morning; and in the deepest Silence of the Night, when the Creation seem'd lull'd in an universal Slumber, in the Gloom of a neighbouring Grove, that you often frequent, I heard him tune his Silver Lute, to Strains soft and languishing as those in which the Heavenly Ministers mourn'd the Loss of Paradise, and the bold Transgression of the first Woman that fell.

AND yours, unhappy Maid! will be a Fall from the Heights of Honour, from the very Triumph of Virtue. What can Man believe? What can the Sex boast, when such Innocence, such Truth, such Modesty as yours, are perverted? Vice will insult, to find *Climene* among her Votaries, and hardly believe her own Conquest? surprized like the barbarous *Gauls* in the *Roman* Senate, who thought it an Assembly of Gods, 'till they saw them bleed.

WITH what a profligate Air, with what insolent Vanity, did your young Seducer leave you last Night? How proud of his unexpected Success, when he had gain'd your Consent to the guilty Assumption.

I STAY'D with you, an unseen Witness of the Remorse and Confusion in which he left you. How disorder'd! how uneasy! how unlike yourself did you appear! 'Twas your usual Hour of Devotion, a Bible lay near, which you took in your Hand, but durst not open, for fear the Sanctity

## 50 LETTERS

Sanctity of its Rules should reproach you. The Distraction of your Thoughts, gave me hopes that you would recover yourself, and break the guilty Engagement you had made. To confirm your doubtful Virtue, I was on the Point of making myself visible, but the unaccountable Fear that Mortals have of the Inhabitants of the Immortal Worlds, restrain'd me, lest the Effect should have been fatal to your timorous Temper, however gentle, and propitious my Appearance and Address had been; and I thought this Letter might less surprize, and more calmly persuade you.

You have yet a few Hours to recollect yourself, and sure you will not give up an unblemish'd Reputation, with all the Peace and Innocence of your Mind, to this blind extravagant Passion. Besides, the Injustice to the unhappy *Silvia*, to whom *Alcander* is engag'd by a thousand Vows, and who now pines away in Obscurity, a Victim to his Falshood and Perjury. Be virtuous and compassionate, be kind to her, and just to yourself.

AFTER this Warning, even from the Dead, your Crime will be aggravated. You must deliberately venture on Perdition, and damn yourself with Design and sober Reflection. You must desperately give up your Title to celestial Happiness, to the Worlds of Life and *Pleasure*, of immortal *Beauty* and *Youth*. O how superior to that, with which you are at this instant so fatally enamour'd below!

LET.



## LETTER XIV.

To



Y dear Sister, I have often, since I left the World, had the Priviledge to supply the Place of your Guardian Angel: I have been an invisible Witness of your Tears for my Death; and to allay the Excess of your Grief for me, I have been at last permitted to let you know that I am happy.

I CAN give you no Account, how my Soul was releas'd: I fell asleep in perfect Health, with an unusual Serenity of Mind, and from the gentlest Slumbers of Innocence and Peace, awak'd in immortal Bliss. (How common is sudden Death?) I found myself in a moment got above the Stars, and out-shining the Sun in its Meridian Splendor. Corruption had put on Incorruption, and Mortality was swallow'd up of Life and Immortality. O Death! I cry'd in the Exaltation of my Thoughts, O Death! where is thy Conquest? O King of Terrors! where is thy boasted Victory? where is thy Scepter and Imperial Horrors, thy gloomy State, and dreadful Attendants? where are thy vast Dominions, the cheerless and

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formless

## 52 LETTERS

formless Darkness, the Shade and the Emptiness,  
the Seats of Corruption and Decay?

THE Spell is broken! the Enchantment is  
dissolv'd! the Shadows, the Phantoms, the visi-  
onary Terrors fly! the celestial Morning dawns,  
and charming Scenes arise: But oh! how bound-  
less! how various! how transporting the Pro-  
pect!

STILL lost in Joy and Wonder, Tell me, I  
said, ye Angels, ye smiling Forms that surround  
me, what easy Passage has my Spirit found from  
its mortal Prison? What gentle Hand has un-  
lock'd my earthly Fetters, and brought me out  
of Darkness and Confinement, into immense  
Light and Liberty? Who was the kind Messen-  
ger, that convey'd the welcome Invitation to my  
Ear? What melodious Voice call'd me away  
from yonder cold tempestuous Regions, to these  
soft and peaceful Habitations? How have I found  
my Passage through the tractless Æther, and  
gain'd the Summit of the everlasting Hills? Am  
I awake? Do I dream? Is this a gay, a flatter-  
ing Vision? Oh no! 'tis all blissful and transport-  
ing Certainty; I see, I hear things unutterable,  
such as never enter'd into the Heart of mortal  
Man to conceive. Read and believe; believe and  
be happy.

You see, my dear Sister, how blindly you  
repine at the Decrees of Heaven, and how un-  
reasonably you lament what you call my early  
and untimely Fate. Could I be happy too soon?

I LEFT

I LEFT the World indeed, in the full Pride of my youthful Years, in the Height of Greatness and Reputation, surrounded with the Blandishments and Flatteries of Pleasure. But these Advantages might have been fatal Snares to my Vertue, in a longer Trial : 'Twas indulgent in Heaven, after a short Probation, to crown me with the Rewards of Victory. 'Tis past the Toil, the Danger, and all to come is endless Peace and Triumph.

IF you could see as far into Futurity now, and think as justly of it, as you will certainly do on your Death-bed, this Letter from me had been superfluous ; I only can *design* it beneficial, you may *make* it so.





## LETTER XV.

To



IS past ! The Voyage of Life is finish'd ! Instead of informing you, that I am arrived at the *Indian Coasts*, this is to let you know, that I am safely landed on the celestial Shores. The Vessel on which I was imbark'd, by a Tempest sunk to the Bottom of the Ocean, and the Angel of the Waters receiv'd my newly unembodi'd Soul.

I was surpriz'd at the different manner of my Existence ; I breath'd indeed no longer, but I liv'd, I heard, I saw, with a more exquisite Sense than before. But a few Moments were past since the raging Billows carry'd Destruction in their Appearance, and now, I moved unterrified through the Deeps, and survey'd the Foundation of the antient Hills. The Regent of the Waters, pleas'd with my Curiosity, led me through his Chrystal Palaces, and Coral Groves ; shew'd me the Pearly Grottoes, and Alcoves of Amber, with a thousand Wonders, kept secret from the Race of Men, since the Basis of the Mountains were laid. As soon as I had gone the Round of the liquid Regions, an Æthereal Messenger took

me

me under his Conduct: I follow'd my gentle Guide, thro' the airy Spaces, and here was all Novelty and Surprize: I made the Tour of the Universe, and explor'd the Limits of the Creation, with unspeakable Agility: I moved from Star to Star, and met ten thousand Suns blazing in full Glory, without Fear or Consternation: I follow'd the Track of prodigious Comets, that drew their flaming Trains o'er half the Sky. From the Planetary Regions I ascended with the Ease and Swiftness of a Thought, to the superior Heaven, the Imperial Palace of the Most High; but here Description fails, and all beyond is unutterable.

THIS is the only Account you can possibly receive of my Death, which your own Fears had so truly presaged at our Parting: And this, my much-lov'd *Henrietta*, I hope will put an end to all your Anxiety; for since the Change has prov'd so happy for me, you are too much my *Friend* to be concern'd thereat.

PHILANDER.



L E T.



## LETTER XVI.

*To my Lord \*\*\*\*.*

My dear BROTHER,



S immaterial Beings mingle unseen in what Society they please, I had the Curiosity last Night, to know your Thoughts of what had happen'd to you the Night before, and I heard you make a very gay Declamation to some of your free Companions, on the Power of Fancy, and the Strength of your own Imagination. But really, my Lord, you are not so visionary and extravagant as you represented yourself. There is nothing more certain than what you saw and heard, and you might have credited your Senses without so much Diffidence and Modesty, which you turn into a Vice.

Y ou have but a few Weeks, my dear Brother, to live, your Sands are number'd, and your last Hour is determin'd. I obtain'd a Permission seldom allow'd, to give you some warning of your approaching Fate.

I CHOSE the opportunity, when I found you in a clear Moon-light Night, sitting in a pensive Posture,

Posture, by the Side of a Fountain in your Garden: To gain Credit to my Message, I stood before you, in the Splendor of a heavenly Form, and the Bloom of immortal Beauty; but so resembling my former self, that in your Surprise you call'd me Sister, and step'd forward to embrace me; I durst not prophane myself by a mortal Touch, but deluding your Arms, plac'd myself before you on the opposite Side of the Canal. I stood silent some time, that you might be recollect'd; and then setting a golden Lute, which I had in my Hand, to one of the melodious Strains, which Angels sing to expiring Saints, when they would soften the Agonies of Death, and make its Terrors smile: In those languishing and melting Notes, I gave you an Invitation to the starry Mansions, believing this would have a much better Effect than any thing terrible, to one of your undaunted Temper, I deliver'd my Message, and in an Instant disappear'd.

I HAVE repeated these Circumstances to you, as a Proof that all was real, and neither a Dream nor a waking Reverie, as you have persuaded yourself. But since no Mortal knows this, but yourself, and you conceal'd the greatest part of this Relation from your gay Friends, when you was so eloquent on the Wonders of Imagination, I hope this will find its wish'd Success, and put you on the most exact Preparation, to meet with a Christian Fortitude the greatest Terror that mortal Man can encounter. Tho' your Life has been unstain'd with any base or unjust Action,

there

there are some Levities in your Conversation, that require your speedy Penitence and Reformation; or seeming *Trifles* will enlarge themselves into the greatest *Terrors*.

'Tis a serious thing, my Lord, to die; you thought so, when with the most tender Concern you saw me shivering and pale, anxious and fearful, on the very Borders of Life, doubtful to enter, and terrify'd at the Darkness that hung on the gloomy Valley; when even the Follies of my Childhood, which was hardly past, and the slightest Errors of my Youth fate heavy on my Soul.

AND oh! how unwillingly did my Soul quit its agreeable Mansion! how many soft Engagements made me fond of Life! The charming Youth to whom I was contracted by my Parents, detain'd me with his Tears; had Angels beckon'd me to the Skies, that melting Language would have tempted me back.

You little think, my dear Brother, what Regularity of the Passions, what Sanctity of Manners, are necessary to take off the Horrors of Death, and make that gloomy Monarch wear a smiling Aspect.

TAKE this friendly Admonition, and be for ever happy; then will that Relation which is now between us still subsist, and I shall be, in Joys inexpressible, your *Sister* to all Eternity.

SERENA.

LET.



## LETTER XVII.

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To PHILOCLES, from IBRAHIM, a Turkish  
Baffa.



WAS you, my dear *Philocles*, that Heaven made the Instrument of my Conversion to Christianity. But while I was in a State of Mortality, 'twas impossible for me to know the Greatness of my Obligations to you, and to what Height of Felicity your friendly Instructions directed me. How low, how disproportion'd were my Expectations, to the Grandeur of my present Happiness! How superior is it, even to those noble Ideas your Description gave me of Celestial Joys! As you converted me to, let me establish you in, the only true Religion.

WHAT Reason have I to bless the Moment that began our Acquaintance, and the Event that placed your Character to my View, in such an agreeable Light? There was indeed something in your whole Conduct so artless, so sincere, so conformable to the strictest Rules of Truth and Justice, that I at once quitted my Prejudices to the Faith you avow'd. The Christian (which is not always the Case) recommended Christianity.

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THE

THE Negotiations I had with you when you were Consul for the States of *Holland*, at *Smyrna*, gave me numerous Instances of your honest and generous Disposition: But nothing surpriz'd me more, than seeing you venture your Life in a dreadful Storm, to save a *Portuguese*, your mortal Enemy, whose Vessel was just overset, and himself ready to sink amidst the threatning Waves, which he 'till then imagin'd less his Foe than yourself.

I was Witness to the godlike Action, and immediately concluded, that there must be something divine in a Religion, that could raise human Nature to such an Height of Beneficence. It was all resistless Conviction, my Soul confess'd its Force, while I consider'd with what a becoming Modesty you receiv'd the Acknowledgments of your Adversary, as calmly as for some trifling Favour, you would have accepted the Thanks of your sincerest Friend. You seem'd conscious of having done nothing extraordinary, nothing but what was suitable to the constant Disposition of your Mind, if Heaven had favour'd you with more frequent Occasions of performing such Heroic Actions. You have a Sense to make what is *Heroic*, *Common*.

IT was a Charity truly divine, that made you hazard your Life, and expose it to the worst of Torments, to rescue me from Error. I was more inquisitive than the Laws of the *Alchoran* allow'd, which induc'd me to seek so many opportunities of conversing with you. Without the least Cau-  
tion

tion or Regard to your own Safety, you left yourself to the Mercy of an Infidel, satisfy'd my Scruples, and importun'd me to quit the *Mahometan* Faith. Your Conduct was all Demonstration, and convinc'd me, that nothing but heavenly Truth, could inspire you with such Fortitude, and kindle in your Soul a Charity so perfectly disinterested. I was soon vanquish'd, and became a joyful Proselyte to the *Christian* Principles, nor found the least Regret in leaving my native Soil, to follow you to the *Hague*, where I might openly profess the Faith I had embrac'd, and be in the Right with Impunity.

IT was not long before a Fever seiz'd me. When I found the Symptoms mortal, I sent for you to ease my burthen'd Soul of the only Care that oppress'd it, but before you came my Speech was lost: However, the Discovery was of such Importance, that it still engages my Concern; nor is there any Person whose Fidelity I can depend on like yours.

I PURCHAS'D a beautiful *Grecian* Slave, the first and only Object of my Love. Tho' she was in my power, I only attempted by gentle Methods to gain her Affections, but in vain; her *Christian* Belief still set the View of future Rewards and Punishments before her, and check'd her softest Inclinations. To conquer her Vertue, I was induc'd to pervert her to the Doctrines of the *Alchoran*. As absurdly as I reason'd, she was soon convinc'd that her Soul was as perishing as her Body, and that there was no Prospect of Im-

mortality for any of her Sex; that present Joys were all she could expect, and in losing Youth and Love she lost the highest End of her Creation. Too soon the fair Apostate believed my detested Doctrines, and took the Poyson from my Tongue, renounc'd the Great Messiah, and embraced the idle Dreams of an Impostor; gave up her Claim to Immortality, and yielded herself to my licentious Wishes. Thus free from the Restraints of Religion, the fair Libertine grew dissolute and prophane beyond the Limits of her Sex. Her sportive Wit, and boundless Vanity, now ridicul'd all that she once thought sacred. There was something so wild, so unnatural in her Impiety, that I half repented my Success, but never was truly sensible of the Injury I had done her, till I was convinc'd of the Truth of *Christianity*. 'Tis this unspeakable Damage that I hope you will find some Method to repair. 'Twill not be impossible, by some of your Friends to find Access to her. She is now at my Brother's Disposal; her Ransom will be easy, and a Charity worthy your Character. Your *Charity* will redeem her Person, your *Example* her Mind, from a more deplorable Slavery.

IBRAHIM.

LET-



## LETTER XVIII.

*To a Son from his deceas'd Father.*



If there is the least Spark of Filial Gratitude in your Breast; if there is any Deference due to the Memory of a once indulgent Father, I charge you to recall the Challenge you have sent — What shall I say — not to your Adversary, but to your generous, your well-meaning Friend. His Admonitions were just, and the Relation he gave you undoubted Fact. You know in your Conscience, the Woman you vindicate, has neither Virtue nor Reputation to defend, while you are daring Death, and all the Horrors that ensue, to justify a known Falshood, and purchase *Shame* with *Heaven*.

If you are kill'd in this mad Duel, the Moment you breathe your last, you will mingle with a Society that make very different Judgments of Things, from what pass for Maxims of Honour among Mortals. You will appear with a very ill Grace, and on a most impertinent Occasion, among the Spirits of Darkness, to whom you will be an eternal Object of Derision. The boasted Beauty and Charms of your Mistress, will be but a poor Excuse for your Gallantry, tho' you should tell them in *Heroics*, how *the World has been lost for a Woman*.

THESE

THESE Extravagancies will vanish with Mortality: Death will draw the Veil, and place more serious Scenes in view. You will find how cheaply you have sold immortal Glory, and curse the fond Enchantment that led you on to Destruction. Detesting that most, the Love of which is now your Inducement to Ruin.

But ask yourself, What is the Virtue of this fine Lady, in defence of whom you are going with such Bravery to die? What is this Honour you are giving up your Life, and all your Hopes of Salvation to maintain?

THIS guiltless lovely Woman, is only perjur'd to her Marriage Vows: This Angel, this divine Creature, does but deceive, does but expose to Infamy, the best of Husbands: She does but return his unequal'd Tenderness, and constant Affection to her, with artful Fondness, and dissembled Complaisance: She is but insensible to the Merit of a Man who is his Country's Ornament and Pride; a Person of the most graceful Appearance, by Nature form'd to please the nicest of the Fair Sex; liberal and magnificent, obliging and sincere above all Disguise; and who, from his own conscious Honour, entirely confides in this artful Woman, whom he raised from Distress and Obscurity. Charm'd with her Beauty and dissembled Affection for him, he has indulg'd all her wild Ambition, gratify'd her boundless Vanity, and set no more limits to her Expences, than you now to your Folly.

THIS is the unhappy Man you would expose to the Jest of every senseless Rake, by a publick Quarrel

Quarrel for the Reputation of his Wife. What Enmity could be so cruel as this *Defence*!

AND this is the dear innocent Charmer, whose Virtue, you would justify, even by damning yourself, and murdering the generous *Lindamor*, your best, your experienc'd Friend, whose Sincerity has been his only Crime: Be not so shamefully valiant.

WITH what Confusion must you draw your Sword on a Man, to whom you have such a Series of Obligations? How often has he supply'd the Necessities to which your extravagant Gaming has reduc'd you, and discharged your Debts of Honour, as you call them? And what was his Offence now, but setting the Character of an infamous Woman in its true Light, with a kind Intention to reclaim you from your Dotage.

WHAT a fatal Influence has this dissolute Passion had on your Mind! how profligate your Manners! how unlike to the first part of your Life! when a noble Inclination govern'd your Soul, and the lovely *Erminia* was all your Joy. Oh! may her youthful Charms recover you, and animate your Mind to glorious Actions. Your King, your Country, the *Protestant* Cause, the Rights and Liberties of human Nature, now require your Courage, and find better Employment for your Sword than to assassinate your Friends. If you are truly brave, have the *Courage* to submit; the only way to conquer him.

EUSEBIUS.

LET-



## LETTER XIX.

*To my Lord \*\*\*\*\*, from his deceas'd Wife.*



OUR present Confinement by a slow Recovery from a dangerous Sickness, makes me hope this may prove a Time to prevail with you, to pity the injured *Sylviana*, and be just to your Obligations to her.

YOU once lov'd me, my Lord, and while I liv'd, the guiltless Passion had an Effect on your whole Conduct: But your Grief for me, gave a very extravagant Turn to your Mind, and instead of leading you to a superior, a reasonable Happiness, you have abandon'd yourself to the Heights of Sensuality; you have pursued Pleasure, in every tempting Disguise; refin'd on Vice, and turn'd it into a Science; and are too truly learn'd in it.

YOUR stately Rooms have sounded with nightly Revels, and loose enchanting Songs; your Groves and fragrant Gardens have been devoted to Luxury, and infamous Delights; the Shades and Fountains have been witness to Scenes, unbecoming their chaste Retreats; you have found out new Ways to Perdition, and set no Limits to your dissolute Inclinations, which survive *Satiety* itself.

BUR

But under this gay Disguise, this Triumph of Vanity and Madness, you have not known an Interval of Happiness, that has been sincere: You could not conquer your own good Sense, nor wholly forget the Restraints of a noble Education. I have been Witness to your secret Remorse, your penitent Soliloquies: I have seen you recollect yourself, assume your native Greatness; heard you with the most moving Eloquence lament your Folly, and assent to all the Rules of Temperance and Virtue; assent to, and violate the same Hour.

You have relaps'd to your usual Extravagance, 'till this dangerous Sicknes set the Terrors of Death in your view: 'Twas then you confess'd your Injustice to the charming *Sylviana*, it hung on your Soul, and appear'd with a thousand Aggravations; nor will you ever know Peace, 'till you have confirm'd your Vows, and the absolute Obligations you are under, to marry her. Obligations to be happy, methinks, should be easily comply'd with.

How happy was the lovely Maid, in her humble Circumstances! how bless'd in her spotless Innocence! 'till Chance (in your rural Excursions) led you in a luckless Hour, to the verdant Shade, where you found her retired to screen herself from the mid-day Sun, unmolested with the Cares of Love or Ambition.

THE natural Elegance, the Modesty, and Easiness of her Behaviour, fired your Thoughts,

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and

and partly by Violence, and partly with the most solemn Vows of Marriage, you ruin'd her.

But what unaffected Sorrow, what Remorse, that fatal Moment cost her, you have often witnessed! with what graceful Pride has she since refus'd the least Favour, and been inflexible to your softest Persuasions, on any Terms, but the Marriage you promis'd her? How moving have her Tears been! how just her Complaints! what a Pomp of Virtue, what a conscious Greatness has appear'd in her Aspect, when by your artful Addresses you have again endeavour'd to seduce her: Nor Presents, nor Equipage, nor the most profuse Settlement you have offer'd her, has tempted her to act in any Character, but what Virtue might own, in the view of Heaven and the World. Her very Crime, with you, should have the Force of Virtue in it.

YOUR Quality, my Lord, does not absolve you from the divine Laws, nor give a Sanction to Perjury, but rather enforces the Obligations of Equity and Truth. In real Merit, the fair *Sylviana* is not your Inferior; but if she were, Heaven does not dispense with the Rules of Justice on the account of airy Titles, and imaginary Distinctions of Birth. The highest Satisfaction that you can make, may perhaps never give her that Tranquillity she enjoy'd in her first humble Circumstances. Could you restore her lost Innocence, she would be more bless'd in that, than in all the Grandeur to which you can raise her. You may

may alleviate her Misfortune, you cannot make full amends.

NoR can the Loss of a tender Parent be repair'd. With a modest Ingenuity the injur'd Nymph confess'd her Crime to her pious Mother, who was so oppress'd with the Thought of such an Infamy, that in a few Weeks she expired, and left her beauteous Daughter, to weep out her solitary Hours. Her Distress demands your Compassion; and by an Act of Justice to her, you will secure your future Peace and Happiness; and shew your Gratitude to

MARIANA.





## LETTER XX.

To VARRIUS.



OU have soon forgot my dying Admonitions, and the Promise you made me, to quit the guilty Amour you are still pursuing. Can you with Deliberation, with Reflection, proceed in a Design which must, if you succeed, plunge the beautiful *Cleora* in Guilt and Infamy, whom you love? What could Hatred do more?

BUT with what Horror ought you to reflect on the Injury you are doing to the generous *Alphonsus*, your Benefactor: Is there nothing engaging in those Titles? Or rather are they not Words of the most sacred Importance? Make it not the future Interest of Mankind to be your Foes.

A MAN of your pretended Honour, could not bear the Reproach of a Lie, and yet you are acting a Lie; practising the vilest Treachery, and exposing a Person of Merit to Ridicule. This, however unjust, must be the Consequence of your Success, while he, secure in his own Worth and Integrity, continues to caress the Wretch that injures him. How can you support the Stings of his Kindness to you?

To

To this injur'd, this generous Man, you owe the Height of your Fortune: 'Twas his Interest alone that brought you into Publick Trust and Reputation: To requite him, you are violating all the Laws of Humanity, bringing Infamy on his Family, and secretly endeavouring to rival him in the Affections of his charming Wife, the Object of all his virtuous Joys; of which, from whom could he more properly exact the Protection, than from you?

Can you, unmov'd, recal the Distress into which a Crime of this nature plung'd my heedless Youth? What Remorse, what Confusion, a Moment's Madness cost me? You was the only Confidant to whom I discover'd the secret Wound it gave my bleeding Soul.

But how fatal was that one Sally of an extravagant Passion to all my future Repose? Despair and Horror fill'd my Breast, when I consider'd the Injury I had done was beyond Reparation. Retirement was no more my Sanctuary from the noisy Crowd; the Image of my Crime pursued me with inexpressible Terrors. The innocent Diversions of Life were tasteless; Musick and Wit had lost their Charms: The Proposals of Pleasure were like Jests to dying Men, like Recreations to the Damn'd. Whatever Decency appear'd in my Publick Behaviour, you were witness to the private Intervals of my Grief, and gave some Relief to my Anguish, hearing my Complaints with an obliging Attention. But Nature, after all its Efforts sunk; the Pride of

my

my Youth yielded to the gloomy Distemper : Yet the Sincerity of my Repentance found Acceptance ; and, as my last Hour approach'd, some propitious Spirit breath'd Peace and divine Consolation to my Soul ; and in these gentle Whispers reproved my Infidelity :

*Why should presumptuous Man, with feeble doubt,  
And Impotence of Thought, mark out the Bounds  
Of Clemency divine ? — What Tongue shall dare  
Pronounce, with impious Vanity, these Words ?  
“ Thus far, nor farther, thy exulting Waves,  
“ O thou Abyss of sacred Love, shall roll ;  
“ Here thy triumphant Billows shall retire,  
“ Nor pass the Bounds of human Diffidence.*

BUT however serene the last Scene of my Life was, I would not, for all the Joys the lower Creation could give, endure the Distraction and Remorse that one Error cost me. Are you soften'd at the Complaints of my Misery ? be terrify'd at the Approaches of your own.

THUS warn'd, I hope you will retire. A thousand Accidents have hitherto prevented your Guilt, and cross'd the Madness of your Love : Some Pause of Reason, some Effort of Virtue may, at last, recover you from the Paths of Ruin. Comply with Reason and Virtue, with Honour and Friendship, with your own Happiness, and that of others ; with the Interest of the *Living*, and the Desires of the *Dead*.

THEODOSIUS.



# THOUGHTS ON DEATH.

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*Translated from the MORAL ESSAYS of the Mes-  
sieurs du Port Royal.*

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**B**EYOND the Address which Men have, never to think of Death, but as at a very great distance, nor to view it, but in some other Person, without putting themselves one Moment in the Place of the Dying: They have yet a farther Art to delude themselves, by forming such a general and confus'd Idea, as conceals from them all that is most terrible in Death.

THEY conceive little else of this State, but as a privation of Sense, and a Separation from the Commerce of Life; so that when they say, a Man is dead, they only mean, that they see him no more, and that he shares no longer in the Affairs of the World. In a Word, their Idea of Death

Death is only form'd on what Men cease to do in dying, and not on what they begin to do and feel, while yet it is that which constitutes its most dreadful Circumstance.

D E A T H is indeed a Privation of Life, and human Action, but it is a Privation which is felt, and produces surprising Effects in the Soul. In order to comprehend these Effects, it is necessary to consider, that while the Soul is united to the Body, its Attention is divided by divers Kinds of Sensations, Imaginations, and Passions; it feels the Objects which act on the Body, according to their different manner of Influence; and these different ways of perceiving, are call'd Sensations. On these the Soul forms its Ideas of all things, to which it is united by its Passions, and is always employ'd about these Objects, and not only employ'd, but leans and reposes on them, when it is not entirely united to G O D: For not being made with a Capacity to sustain itself, the Soul necessarily seeks some foreign Support. It was form'd to know and love, but finding nothing within sufficient to satisfy these Inclinations, it is forc'd with some other Objects to fill the Void it finds in itself. Some of these Objects make agreeable Impressions on the Sense; others content our Curiosity and Vanity; others relieve the Mind, by turning it from things which appear disgusting; some nourish its Hopes, while others fortify it against its Fears. The Soul inclines to all the Objects of Sense, and is engag'd and supported

ported by them, in such a manner, that it cannot prove a Separation without Pain and Emotion.

WE are not always sensible of these Ties, but the Soul begins to feel them, when it comes to be separated from what it loves: It has then a Sense of the Privation, proportionable to its Union with them: So true is that Maxim of St. *Augustin*, " 'Tis impossible to lose any thing without Sorrow, but what we possess without Passion".

THE RE are few Persons free from an infinite number of these Engagements; and tho' we are ignorant of them, 'till an actual Separation discovers what they are, we may nevertheless conceive something, by separating ourselves from them in our Thoughts, and imagining we are deprived of them by some Accident.

FOR Instance, take a Person who does not seem to place his Happiness in the Objects of Sight, and fancies they contribute nothing to the Tranquility of his Mind; and suppose him suddenly depriv'd of his Sight, tho' in all other Circumstances, happy, we should find him affected with the Loss, as the greatest Misfortune. The Sight of Mankind gives us some Consolation, because we always discover in them a certain Appearance of Compassion, capable to give us succour in our Necessities; which at least indulges our Hopes, and those Hopes excite a kind of secret Joy.

THE Objects, which in some respects are disgusting to the Soul, and raise its Fears and Aver-

L sion,

sion, yet in other Views fail not to sustain it. For tho' these uneasy Passions cannot be altogether appeas'd, yet the Imagination always furnishes them with Means, or Hopes that quiet them, while the Pursuit of these Means, or the Hopes of arriving at the End of their Desires, employ and divert the Mind.

ALL the Objects to which the Soul is join'd, by the Senses, Imagination, Reason, or Passions, are its Goods and Riches; and even those we call Poor, abound in these sort of Goods. If they want Palaces, or even a Cottage, they have the Sky, the Sun, and Stars, of which the Prospect is so magnificent, that St. *Augustine* says,  
" 'Tis a greater Blessing for the Poor to behold  
" the Heavenly Luminaries, than for the Rich  
" to view their golden Lamps.

THUS in the Privation of some Advantages, we comfort ourselves with others, true or false, that we either possess or hope for. As the Body always finds something to bear it, even when thro' Weariness it falls to the Ground, it there finds a Support: So the Soul, sick and feeble, never fails of something to sustain it; and when there is nothing real, forms imaginary Supports, on which (vain as they are) it leans.

THIS Necessity of human Consolations is not peculiar to vicious Men; in some degree, the Vertuous want their Relief. There are few Persons so perfect, but they have still some remaining Tye to the World. Fatigued by a long Attention to Spiritual Objects, they are forc'd, in di-

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## Thoughts on D E A T H. 69

vers Instances, to abandon themselves, and fly, for Satisfaction, to their Friends, their Children, their Estates, to a Field of their own planting, or an Edifice of their own raising.

THIS is the Condition of Man in this Life, which may help us to comprehend what Death is, with the Effects it produces. We ought to look on it as the Rupture of all that unites us to the Creatures; a general Separation from the Objects of Sense; the cancelling all human Ties, and every Pleasure the Soul found in them; with a total privation of what it lov'd and enjoy'd on Earth. When a Man dies, he loses not only what he call'd his Wealth, but the Firmament, the Sun, the Stars, the Air, the Earth, and all the rest of Nature; he loses his Body, and all those Sentiments that gave him pleasure; he loses his Relations, his Friends, and all Mankind; he loses all Relief, all Support; and in short, all the Objects of his Senses and Passions.

INDEED if the Soul, in some degree united to these, finds itself united to GOD, by a holy Love, tho' the Privation of the Creatures, causes some Emotion, yet it sinks not into Despair; for this divine Principle sustains it, and growing more active, confirms its Hopes, of being shortly united to, and overwhelm'd in that Abyss of Pleasure, which alone can satisfy all its Capacity of loving.

BUT who is able to conceive the State of the miserable Soul, when it comes, by Death, to be

rent from all the Objects of its Inclinations ; from all that sustain'd it, during Life, and finds nothing in itself, on which to lean. Its Propensities to Love, and enjoy what it lov'd, become, beyond comparison, more lively and ardent, while all the Soul was fond of, escapes and flies before her, with an everlasting Flight, without leaving the least Hope of Fruition ; she loses all, finds nothing, all sinks under her, all vanishes, and disappears for ever.

'Tis not possible, in this World, to comprehend a State so perfectly miserable ; all one can say, to give some Idea of it, is this : 'Tis a terrible Fall of the Soul, by a sudden Removal of all its Supports ; 'tis an horrible Famine, by a Privation of its Nourishment ; 'tis an infinite Void, by the Annihilation of all that fill'd it ; 'tis an extream Poverty, by the entire Loss of that which was its Wealth ; 'tis a ghastly Solitude, by the Separation it finds itself in, from all Union and Society ; 'tis a dreadful Desolation, by the want of all Consolation ; 'tis a cruel Rupture, which violently rends the Soul from every Object of its Love.

*F I N I S.*





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This sad Reflection yet may force one Tear:  
All I was wretched by to you I ow'd,  
Alone from Strangers every Comfort flow'd.  
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PART I.

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# LETTERS

## Moral and Entertaining.

### LETTER I.

*From PHILARIO, to his Friend; relating his unhappy Amour with AMASIA.*

My dear CHAMONT,



HATEVER reproaches my past follies have deserved, I know my present misfortunes will raise your compassion. — The gentle AMASIA is no more, she expir'd in my arms, and I have paid the last rites to her memory.

Your suspicions were just, that I had perverted and secretly kept her, contrary to all the friendly admonitions you gave me. The spring of my misery was my father's marrying me at twelve years old (O cursed avarice!) to a girl of ten, only to secure her vast fortune to his family. As I grew old, instead of liking, I con-

ceived an unconquerable aversion to the innocent creature; but no arguments could prevail with my father to break the contract, and I was as obstinate never to compleat the marriage. Thus entangled I grew uneasy, which my sister observing, to divert my chagrin, often carried me with her, to visit a young lady descended from a good family, but decay'd in fortune and obscure: having never met her before in any publick place, I was surprized at the sight of such an accomplish'd beauty, which her fine genius, and a thousand elegancies in her conversation still heighten'd. Here the guilty inclination began; which, never presaging its fatal event, I cherished, and resolved to be happy, in spite of the incumbrance of my young wife, who, without any matrimonial cares at her heart, diverted herself with her babies and play-things; while I, privileged by my sister's discretion and intimacy, continued my visits to **AMASIA**, whom we always found with her mother, the pious and discreet *Sopbronia*, whose only fault was being a little too reserv'd and severe in her temper. But **AMASIA** had a natural disposition to books and solitude, with a temper rather serious and pensive, than gay; which made the strictnes of her mother's conduct and her own confinement easy. The little society she had was with some grave and good women of *Sopbronia*'s acquaintance, who took care to inform her, that all the men of the present age were rakes and atheists, and the young women no better, nor hardly so good

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as



as they should be ; and that conversing with such sage persons as themselves was the most reputable thing she could do. **A M A S I A** assented to their wise maxims, my sister and I being the only acquaintance of a modern character that were admitted to the house. I made my self so agreeable to *Sophronia*, that I got the office of reader to the family ; but, to my secret mortification, instead of plays, she confined me to history, or sermons, tho' my accent was better suited to the stage than the pulpit : however my fair audience were pleas'd and attentive, and I would rather have taken *Orders* than have lost my employment. But it was not long before cautious *Sophronia* saw through the disguise of my zeal ; and observing a greater gaiety than was usual to **A M A S I A**'s temper, in conversing with me ; she told my sister freely her suspicions, intreating her, as she valued her daughter's reputation, to bring me no more with her. My sister, who was perfectly virtuous, was alarm'd at the discovery, and would never from that time suffer me to accompany her.

I had now no way to let **A M A S I A** know the violence of my passion, but by a letter, which unluckily fell into her mother's hands ; by this, confirm'd in her fears, she charg'd **A M A S I A**, as she expected her blessing, to send back any future billet from me unopen'd ; which severe injunction she punctually obey'd 'till her mother's death, which happen'd in the midst of this adventure : she was suddenly seized, and finding her sickness mortal, she took the weeping fair by the hand, demanding,

as the last proof of her duty, that she would in the presence of the all-seeing Deity promise never to converse with me, or receive my addresses.

This **AMASIA** could not deny a dying tender parent: but oh! how fatal to her self and me was this engagement! how wild was my grief, when my sister informed me of the cruel obligation! However, I waited 'till the formalities of sorrow due to her mother's memory were past; when with the impatience of love I hastened to her house, and bribing her servant, got admittance without **AMASIA**'s knowledge to her chamber.

Never did her charms appear to such advantage: the soft surprize, the modest confusion, the struggle between a tender inclination, and the restraint of conscious honour, gave her a thousand nameless graces: whether the yielding beauty with a gentle languishment betray'd the passion she had long disguis'd, or whether recovering her self with all the pomp of virtue she reproach'd my attempt, still she put on resistless charms; but in every transporting variety of her temper, I saw my own advantage, nor left the conquest unfinish'd. With deep repentance, I now confess, it gave me an impious pleasure to find love triumphant over all the pride of virtue; but heaven soon avenged its cause, and humbled me in the height of my successful insolence.

I had not long continued my visits to **AMASIA**, but an affair of consequence required my absence for some weeks; in the mean time she was seized with a fever. As she found the symptoms

## Moral and Entertaining. 5

toms mortal, she wrote and immediately sent me this Letter.

My dear PHILARIO,

WHERE are those ages of love, that heaven, and eternal series of tranquillity and joy, with which you prophanely flatter'd me? The bright delusion, the visionary paradise is already lost: my sun is setting at noon; an untimely evening draws its shadows over all my promis'd joys.

That immortal bloom, those heavenly charms that you told me might bid defiance to sickness and age, are already blasted by a cruel Disease: a sudden autumn has wither'd my prime; the lillies droop, the roses die, chilling winter has faded my youthful spring.—But a few days more and I am dust.

This truth sits heavy on my soul, and brings my guilt with its full aggravation in view: my mother's dying admonitions, my broken vows terrify me to distraction. My crime was not the effect of ignorance and inadvertency; pitying angels set the penalties of eternal damnation, and the recompence of an immortal crown in prospect before me; the caverns of death disclos'd their terrors, and the realms of celestial light open'd their glories to my active imagination: I was forewarn'd by the advice of a dying parent of the infamy and ruin, to which this soft temptation betray'd me: I had experienc'd the satisfactions of reason and virtue. But for you I ventur'd on present and future perdition, and gave up my title to all the joys of immortality; and now ye regions of divine delight, you have no

attract-

attractions for a mind so impure, I would only fly to you, as a retreat from infernal misery.

And yet, too charming youth! you engage my affections; I would live, but (O fatal madness!) I would live for you: by you I was seduc'd, but oh! may your soul stand clear of my ruin! 'Tis my self not you I would accuse.

Last night (if waking or in a dream I am uncertain) my mother's venerable shade, majestic in heavenly splendor appear'd to me, and bid me, Prepare for the silent Tomb! — What preparation can I make? What penitence can atone for repeated perjury, for crimes against the clearest convictions of heavenly light, and the sanction of voluntary vows?

What figures of speech could you make use of to take off from vices like these their deformity? What eloquence did you employ thus to pervert my judgment? By what infernal enchantment was I led on to mine own destruction? — You have undone me, but I am hopeless! Can you make no reparation? Cannot you reverse the injury, and talk as well in the cause of heaven as you did in the interest of hell? — Oh make the compassionate trial! — Can you pray? — Can you implore mercy for me? — Persuasion dwell upon your tongue! Could you be sincere heaven perhaps may bear; — My strength is spent! — I faint! — Fly to my assistance, that at least I may take a last farewell.

AMASIA.

This letter surprised and distracted me, I knew not what I did or said: but I order'd my horses, and return'd with all the speed that love could

could give me to the idol of my soul, whom I found by intervals in her perfect senses, but in the agonies of death.

The melancholy scene will never quit my memory. Death came, attended by his real and fantastick horrors ; he made his approach with every circumstance terrible to nature or reason : never was the passage to his waste dominions more gloomy ; never did a departing spirit quit the light of heaven with more reluctance.

*Oh ! she cried, grasping my hand, whither am I going ? to what unknown regions ? On what desolate coasts am I doom'd eternally to wander ? How dark the entrance, how long the passage that opens before me ! — See yonder sullen ghost beckons me away ! — another pale spectre summons me to the grave, and bids me mingle with the dead ! — How my senses wander ! — Oh for a month's — a week's — an hour's reprieve ! Then, fixing her eager eyes on mine, she ask'd, Cannot you procure this for me, after all your boasted love ? — I am cited to the suprem tribunal, — have you the hardiness to appear for me ? — The whole creation cannot aid me in this extremity ! After which she lay long speechless and convuls'd, and casting a dismal glance at me, with a heavy groan expir'd.*

I could not refuse this sad recital to your request, and my avow'd confidence in you : 'tis some kind of relief to pour my grief into your bosom, and to excite in yours a generous compassion, which I know you feel for

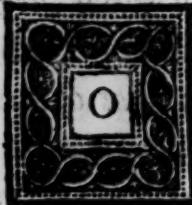
*The wretched PHILARIO.*



## LETTER II.

*From CASSANDER, to a Gentleman at Venice,  
relating the murder of his friend.*

My dear FRIEND,



H ! why do I profane that sacred title ! If you knew me you would start, as if the fiends below had given you that appellation. — But I must unmask my self, whatever horror the monstrous appearance gives you : perhaps some sparks of pity may mingle with your aversion, when you find my misery bears some proportion to my guilt.

Oh think what it is ! — Imagine the dreadful scene I would unveil ! — Recal the most tragical action, that was ever represented on the stage ; or the most bloody effect of fury, that has been really perpetrated in human life !

Why do not the tears that fall from my eyes stain the paper with a sanguine hue ? Why does not blood instead of ink flow from my pen in dismal characters, to mark my crime ? Why should I express my self in the language of men, and not invoke the infernal furies to teach me their dialect, that I may give my guilt its proper

per aggravation: for mine's a deed of darkness, fit for the records of hell — Murder! — execrable murder! — This cursed hand that trembles every nerve to relate it, gave the deadly wound! — Horror! — Confusion! — Scarce can I refrain by the wildest imprecations to hasten that vengeance, at which I tremble: — 'twill fall too soon, and with some terrible distinction: for mine was a sin of a superior note, mark'd with uncommon malignity.

In vain am I acquitted at a human tribunal, by the partiality of justice, and the solicitations of powerful friends; while by my own conscience and the divine laws I am evidently condemn'd. What plea shall I find against the reproaches of my own reason, that restless monitor within? To what shelter shall I fly from unerring justice? — Hide me, ye rocks? cover me ye mountains, from the pursuit of eternal vengeance!

My sin was an outrage against nature, a defiance of all the laws of friendship and humanity.

— You dare not believe me, when I tell you 'twas my friend? — Oh distracting thought! — my friend! — the young, the gentle *Antonio* that I murder'd! — I see him fall! — I see him bleed!

— The soul sits quivering on his lips, his eyeballs rowl in death! — I behold the gaping wound, the last convulsive pangs, the pale and senseless corps extended on the ground! The dreadful scene is for ever new, and rises before me with insulting horror. The visionary terrors

haunt my solitary retreats, and damp the joy of society: my days are unacquainted with peace, my nights with rest; the whole creation is an undistinguish'd chaos; the skies have lost their light, the fields their verdure; every charm is blotted from the face of nature; the sweetest odours no more refresh me; harmony with its soothing tones no more delights me; I sicken at the most luxurious banquets; the richest wines have lost their flavour; beauty no more invites, nor pleasure with her softest eloquence allures me.

Those fair gardens, where art and nature combine to rival all that has been fabled of the vale of *Tempe*, or the *Cyprian* groves, these soft retreats, which were late my pride and delight, now yield a gloomy prospect, and look like the seats of desolation and despair: for here the bloody fact was done; here I violated nature's great original law, defy'd eternal justice, and seal'd my own perdition.

You know with what frenzy I doated on the artful *Marcella*; she was the idol of my thoughts. With her I spent my gay licentious hours, regardless of my honour, my country, or my friends; for her I contriv'd gardens of pleasure, open'd chrital fountains, rais'd bowers, perfum'd with every fragrant blossom to entertain her; nor once believ'd she could be capable of ingratitude, 'till that fatal night when I surpriz'd her with the unhappy *Antonio*.

I return'd more early than usual from an appointed debauch, and not finding *Marcella* in her apartment,

appartement, I run immediately into a private garden, where she sometimes took an Evening walk. The moon shone clear, and at the entrance of an arbour, I saw her sitting with *Antonio*, loosely reclining his head in her lap: he rose, and came forward smiling, whether with an air of insult, or railery, I did not stay to consider, but flush'd with wine, and enrag'd with jealousy, I drew my sword, and stabb'd him through the heart, while *Marcella* in a swoon lay cold and senseless at my feet.

My rage was spent in a moment, my amorous flame extinguish'd, and friendship with all its force return'd triumphant on my soul. I threw my self on the ground, by the dying youth, supported and embrac'd him, melted into tears, and call'd aloud on his pity to forgive me: my servants were alarm'd, and rushing into the garden beheld the bloody scene.

By this time *Marcella* was recover'd from her swoon, and reproach'd my rashness, assuring me she had employed all her art to persuade him to comply with that fatal assignation; she frankly own'd he had been long the object of her fondest desires, but that 'till then he had refus'd any secret appointment with her, from a sense of friendship to me, and justice to his young and beautiful wife, whom he sincerely lov'd.

This discovery distracted me: I curs'd my self and her, and charg'd her to fly my sight for ever, least I should double my guilt, and inure my self to murder. I was so far from endeavour-

ing to escape the rigour of the law, that I chal-  
leng'd it, call'd aloud for the ministers of justice,  
witnes'd against my own Life, and avow'd the  
barbarous fact. But however I was clear'd by a  
human verdict, I stand condemn'd by a higher  
and more righteous decision: my conscience tells  
me

The Door is shut,

The Judge has pass'd my everlasting doom,  
Which all created power can ne'er reverse.

My day's for ever gone, my sun is set  
In final darkness, ne'er to rise again.

My summer's spent, eternal winter's come,  
The season's past.

On me no ray of mercy e'er will shine,  
No smiling beam of hope will ever rise,  
Justice divine, and self-condemning guilt,  
Consign me over to eternal woe.

What repentance is there for a wretch who  
can make no restitution? The injury I have done  
can never be cancell'd: 'twas desperate, 'twas ir-  
reparable mischief, that I brought on the wretched  
*Antonio*: I cut off his space of tryal, his pro-  
bation for immortal joys, and tore him from all  
his future hopes of salvation. I perhaps sur-  
priz'd him with all his sins and unrepented fol-  
lies on his head; his guilt might that instant be  
in its fullest magnitude, while I, with a more  
than infernal rage, seiz'd the cursed moment, and  
sent an immortal spirit to hell. He may now be  
loading me with execrations, and sounding re-  
venge

venge through the caverns of darkness, against a miscreant that barr'd the gates of bliss, and open'd his passage to the dungeons of misery and endless despair.

These are the horrible images that haunt, and sometimes drive me to the precipice of ruin. Last night in a dead and silent hour I took my sword and went softly into my garden, resolving to stab my self (so wild are the intervals of my grief) on the same place where I murder'd my friend: when I came near I saw, or my fancy only made it real, a ghastly phantome resembling the murder'd *Antonio*, standing on the very spot where I gave the fatal thrust; his countenance wan and doleful; his motionless eyes fix'd full on mine; while his hand pointed to the well-imitated wound on his breast.

The fight wither'd my strength, and the sword drop'd from my trembling hand; guilt made me a coward, and with a childish fear I hastily retir'd to my chamber, calling one of my servants to attend me. So unlike am I grown to my self, I start at a shadow, and shudder at the presage of a dream, am surrounded with ill omens, and tormented with more direful forebodings within.

We talk of racks, of hissing snakes, and gnawing worms; but all the emphasis of human language cannot describe the tortures of an accusing conscience. The united force of art and nature cannot yield the least relief. The light of paradise could not chear me: the songs of angels would but heighten my remorse, and augment

the

the exquisite anguish: the gloom of impenetrable night, and the sound of eternal tempests, would sooner sooth these unutterable agonies.

What privilege is my being? why am I curs'd with immortality? Oh that my severe judge, my omnipotent adversary would speak me again into my primitive nothing, and with one potent word finish my existence!

*The beasts are happy, they come forth and keep a short watch on earth, and then lie down and sleep. Pain is for man, and oh! how vast a pain for crimes that made the Godhead bleed in vain!*

But why do I think it in vain for me? Am I of all human race exempted? Am I the only disinguish'd sinner excluded from the benefit of that infinite atonement? Am I on earth, or shut up in the infernal Prison? Oh stay thou glimmering beam of hope, with one heavenly visit clear my benighted soul! An uncertain *if*, a flattering *Possibility*, would be a momentary heaven to me: 'twould be redemption from hell; pardon to a reprobate spirit. And yet, from daily *Exhortation*

*If I must perish, prostrate at thy feet*  
*The humble victim of thy wrath shall fall,*  
*Imploring mercy still; for mercy reigns*  
*Triumphant in thy nature: 'tis thy boast,*  
*The attribute that reigns on this side hell.*

My

My dear *Clerimont*, excuse my freedom; 'tis natural for misery to complain: had I been acquainted with a person of more piety and generous compassion than your self, I had spar'd you the reading of this melancholy relation, to which your long stay at *Venice* has made you a stranger. Adieu. I know you will pity

## The wretched CASSANDER.



## LETTER



LETTER III.

To BELINDA, from SILVIA, to inform her of  
the reasons of her sudden retreat into the country.

My dear BELINDA,

Am indeed got back again



To barmless plainwork, and to croaking rooks,  
Old fashion'd halls, dull aunts, and godly books.

Mr. POPE.

to a view of nature in that simplicity which you  
rally so agreeably: but 'tis here I have recover'd  
my peace, and am again grown a reasonable crea-  
ture; to which those godly books that you seem  
to have such a notion of, have very much con-  
tributed, particularly bishop *Tillotson*.

I see you smile, not in malice, but good na-  
ture, at the sober confession, and want of delica-  
cy in the choice of my reading: it diverts you,  
I know, that I should let *Dryden* and *Otway* lie  
stupidly by me, and impertinently spend an hour  
in reading a sermon; that when I am so well at  
ease in this world, it should ever enter into my  
head to think of another; and, that in the bloom  
of eighteen, I should have such a gloomy dispo-  
sition, as to think my self mortal: and, if you  
will

will forgive me, I will own, that I sometimes read the bible, in contempt of all modern refinements, and hope to form my life on that antiquated scheme. These are, I confess, my dear *Belinda*, a very unfashionable set of thoughts, and have nothing in them modish or polite.

I believe you will be very inquisitive to find what has put these odd, these strange unaccountable whimsies into my brain.

'Tis love, (you start — you pity — you pray for me) but 'tis love, a tender hopeless passion, that has had this surprizing effect ! 'Tis an absolute despair of being happy in this world, that has put me on endeavours to secure the happiness of the next : Could I have possest the idol of my soul, I had been at rest, and had lost the relish of superior joys.

But mine, with confusion I own it, was a criminal affection forbid by earth and heaven ; my bliss was prohibited by laws human and divine. This confession will surprize you, but could you know the severity of my conduct, you would excuse me. I have torn my self from the sight of the lovely youth for ever, though I could have lost the light of the sun with less reluctance. My hasty retreat into the country was free and voluntary ; and not, as was thought, the effect of my father's command. I was sincere, heaven is my witness, in my desire to free my self from the criminal passion, and I thought the most certain way to conquest, was by flight.

You know the tour my brother made to *Paris*, brought him acquainted with *Monsieur le Comte de R—*, and when he came into *England*, my brother return'd with his family: I was in town, and waited on *Madame la Comtesse*, who did me the honour to detain me some time with her.

*Monsieur le Comte* was one of the handsomest and best bred men in the world, and had as much of the *English* gravity as was agreeable to my own temper, which made me find his conversation very grateful and entertaining; nor had I the least suspicion that there was any hazard in such a harmless satisfaction. I had convers'd in town with as much freedom as a virtuous education allow'd, and kept an equal indifference, without the least inclination to love, or even pretending to hate any mortal man.

The *Comte* was perfectly well-bred, and my vanity made me interpret every little turn of gallantry, as the mark of some peculiar value and innocent friendship he had for me: any other thought would have shock'd my delicacy, and put me on my guard, against the guilty passion I found kindling in my own breast, which, instead of opposing, I indulg'd as gratitude, and a just sense of merit.

But I was soon sensible of the delusion, and how easily vice betrays an unguarded mind, under the specious disguise of virtue. I found this freedom of conversation would prove fatal to all the peace and innocence of my mind, which had now lost its native calmness, and I began to experience

all the fantastick effects of spleen, vapours, caprice ; in short, an uneasiness with my self, and every thing else in the world, the charming *Comtesse* her self not excepted.

But this set my guilt before me in its full aggravation. Envy and deceit had 'till now been strangers to my breast, which made me start at the monstrous forms : every new favour from *Madame la Comtesse* reproach'd me with violating the trust and confidence she had in my truth and virtue, and for having a wish that she had been less beautiful and deserving. The affection and intimacy with which she treated me, gave me an horror for my self, and I was again generous and sincere, and, as I thought, perfectly confirm'd in virtue, 'till the charming *Comte* appear'd, when I found my self jealous, unjust, and perverted to vice in a moment.

However, I disguis'd my folly, from a secret delicacy in point of reputation, and an unaffected sense of honour. I am ashame'd to tell you I had a thought that needed a disguise, tho' 'twas involuntary and unallow'd : but I was an ill dissembler, and have some reason to believe the real disposition of my heart was perceiv'd by the *Comte*, who, one evening, surpriz'd me reclin'd on the side of a fountain repeating these Lines.

*Come blest religion with thy angel's face,  
Dispel this gloom and brighten all the place !  
Drive this destructive passion from my breast,  
Compose my sorrows, and restore my rest !*

*Shew me the path the sainted-virgins trod,  
Wean me from earth, and raise my soul to God !  
No more let guilty love my heart inflame !*

The *Comte* understood *English* perfectly well ; but I recover'd my self with as good a grace as I could, and put on more gaiety and assurance than was indeed natural to my disposition ; and to conceal my disorder, left him with precipitancy, and return'd to the *Comtesse*, who was in her apartment reading the story of *Rhetea* in the life of *Cyrus* ; she ask'd me, *How I lik'd it ?* The Question I am persuaded was accidental, but I answer'd, *That I thought it well told.* However, it awaken'd my remorse, and gave me an exquisite sense of the injustice of my secret inclinations.

From this moment I resolv'd to go back into the country, to conceal and conquer my folly. The tenderness and unaffected concern the *Comtesse* express'd in parting with me, confirm'd my virtue, and gave me a secret confusion for the injustice of having wish'd her less happy. The calmness and sanctity of my soul seem'd to be restor'd, and I had left the place a conqueror, if the *Comte* had not led me to the coach, and by an accidental sigh, and a sort of a serious air in his face, given my mind a softer turn, and convinc'd me of the vanity of human confidence, and that I had triumph'd without a victory.

But the retirement of the country, and serious reflection, soon freed me from the tumultuous effects of a guilty passion : the scene alter'd with infinite

infinite advantage, and all grew peaceful and serene. I am now reconcil'd to my self, and find an ineffable satisfaction in the silent approbation of my own conduct ; a satisfaction superior to all the empty applause of the crowd. I reflect with pleasure on the happy change. My soul seems now in its proper situation, and conscious of its dignity, looks above this world for its rest and happiness : I am almost in a state of insensibility, with regard to mortal things, and have fix'd my views on those infinite delights, which will be the certain rewards of virtue.

*What is there here to fill these vast desires ?  
Should fancy all her dazzling scenes display,  
Our wishes unconfin'd would wander still  
Beyond the limits of these narrow skies,  
In search of boundless and immortal joys.*

Adieu my dear *Belinda* : As long as I leave you to the quiet possession of the dear town and its dear joys, you will not envy me all that a gay imagination can form of future pleasures. — I have trusted you with the inmost secrets of my soul, and know I can depend upon your fidelity.

*I am,*

*Your unalterable Friend,*

*SILVIA.*

*LET-*

but always were the best company in the world.



## LETTER IV.

To EUSEBIUS, from a Deist.



HERE shall I find rest? The wide creation denies it. I have run thro' all the varieties of human folly, and search'd every vanity below the sun: I have tried what was to be found in madness; women, wine, and frolick have divided my hours; and I am now trying what satisfaction wisdom and philosophy can yield. You have made me at last a convert to natural religion, and turned me into a sort of a virtuous heathen: Morality in its practice is no longer my aversion: I begin to think reason and immortality the highest advantages of humanity. That there is a GOD all nature cries aloud through all her works; and while I am attending those sacred dictates, in such raptures as these I often address myself,

To the unknown G O D.

*Whate'er thou art, thou excellence unknown!  
'Tis thee thro' all thy various works we seek.  
These secret languishments, these fierce desires,  
Howe'er licentious, free and unconfin'd,*

THE

*Pursue,*

Pursue, unseen, an object infinite.  
Thro' ev'ry fair disguise the leading G O D  
Allures our eager souls. That rosy blush,  
Those sparkling eyes, and soft enchanting smiles,  
Receiv'd their charms from thee. Beauty is thine  
In all its conquering powers. In thee  
We trace up pleasure to its sacred source.

We meet thee in the balmy western breeze,  
The fragrance of the spring, the spicy Isles,  
And all Arabia breaths its sweets from thee.

From harmony to harmony we rise,  
To that superior skill, which tun'd the spheres,  
Gave melody to Gabriel's heav'ly lyre,  
And ev'ry moving grace to Roll's song.

Whatever sacred force in musick lies,  
The dying strain that calms the wildest care,  
Or loftier note that prompts to glorious deeds,  
Th' inspiring G O D dwells in the mystick sound,  
And charms and captivates the list'ning soul,  
Thro' all her soft capacities of joy.

But what art thou, the secret spring of life,  
Supream in all perfections, tho' unknown ?  
More lovely than the fairest of thy works ;  
For thou art still beyond similitude,  
Still rising with distinguisb'd eminence,  
In perfect beauty, and unrival'd glory.

But what those beauties, what those glories are,  
No mortal eye has seen, nor boldest flight  
Of fancy, in her gayest scenes conceiv'd.

Some soft celestial echoes from afar,  
Some glimm'ring rays, with a reflected light,  
Attract our souls, and kindle warm desires,

Impe-

*Impetuous wishes, and aspiring hopes ;  
Which own no bounds, but infinitely free,  
Break thro' created limits with contempt,  
And seek the great original of bliss.*

*But oh ! if love—if love's the boasted name  
And darling attribute, reveal thy self,  
Unfold the heav'nly wonders of thy face,  
And stand in open majesty confess'd !*

*Why was I form'd with these aspiring thoughts,  
And elegant desires, these boundless aims,  
That reach at nothing short of G O D himself,  
If 'tis a bliss impossible to man ;  
If thou wilt never fill these vast desires,  
Why were they rais'd ? This eminence of thought  
Is but my torment. — Oh recal again  
This glorious curse, this thankless gift, my reason !  
This immortality, my dread ! my horror !*

*Far rather had I flouris'd in a plant,  
And only reach'd a vegetable life,  
Open'd my blossoms to the rising sun,  
And drop'd their beauties e'er the ev'ning close ;  
Or had I mounted with the feather'd race  
In heights of air ; or with my fellow brutes  
At freedom ranged the trackless desert o'er,  
Slept in a den, or stretch'd my careless bulk  
Secure in open fields, heedless of good  
Or evil, past or present, or to come !*

*Oh envy'd lot to mine ! if I must live  
Eternal years excluded from thy face.  
Be it in earth, or air, or in the deep,  
Where thou art absent ev'ry place is hell !*

The fields and woods are often witness to these soliloquies while I fly from man, to converse with the great spirit of nature ; for you have at last convinc'd me of a Divine Presence, with whose Immensity I am surrounded. To this conscious mind I sometimes address my self ; with pleasure I grow acquainted with this propitious being, and adore Him as the spring of my existence. I seem to find some new capacities of happiness awake in my soul. I languish for some unknown joys, some yet unexperienc'd pleasures, and grow confident, that the power who rais'd these desires, will at last gratify them.

That silence, that self-reflection and retirement, that was lately my horror, is now become my delight, while I am attending the dictates of reason, and sincerely endeavouring to know the will of that divine mind ; who must be too beneficent to leave me in my present doubts, while I am sincerely seeking the heavenly illumination.

Thus far, my dear EUSEBIUS, your arguments have had success. I have the highest obligations to you for not suffering me to degrade my self into the rank of animals, and for persuading me to assume the dignity of a reasonable creature : In that capacity I am

*Your most oblig'd humble Servant,*

PHILANDER.

WORD I

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LET-



## LETTER V.

*To Mrs. —— from AMORET, giving an account  
of her criminal passion for SEBASTIAN.*

MADAM,



O W shall I begin? What language can paint the confusion of my thoughts? which, could you be sensible of, it would be some apology for the fatal secret I would discover. I am yet but a modest sinner, and can neither excuse, nor dare disguise my guilt from one, who 'till now has shar'd all the secrets of my soul.

Oh think what I would say! imagine what 'tis I find such reluctance to discover, and which I must discover, tho' it costs me all your esteem! your esteem, which has been my pride and happiness; but even that I will resign, rather than suffer you to injure your own character, by a continuance of that friendship I have forfeited.

I am not that modest innocent person you believe me: There is no disguising my infamy, nor recovering my lost honour.

I know

I know you are surprized, you hardly credit me, you would feign believe I have bely'd my self, and what I have told you is the effect of spleen, melancholy, any thing but truth. Would to heaven that it was all frenzy and wild imagination ! that I were innocently unhappy ! that I had lost my reason, and kept my virtue !

*Oh heav'ly virtue ! thine's a sacred flame,  
And still my soul pays homage to thy name.*

Ye chaste and holy thoughts, that once possess'd my soul, return again ! return ye smiling scenes of innocence and peace ! Ye secret consolations of religion ! ye gentle whispers of conscience ! speak peace again to my unquiet breast !

I have not yet begun my fatal story ; — Oh let it never be told ! let it be lost in eternal oblivion ! — but that's impossible, 'tis register'd on my heart.

*In what dark cavern shall I bide my head ?  
Where seek retreat, now innocence is fled ?*

If my penitence had obtain'd pardon from heaven, the publick would speak my infamy aloud. How am I fallen ! from what height of reputation, to the lowest contempt ! This to a mind that still retains the nicest sense of honour, is an affliction insupportable. I have no refuge from the insults of the world, but solitude, and thither the thoughts of my guilt and infamy pursue me ; the country shades, the seats of tranquillity and peace, afford me no relief.

Alone through unfrequented shades I rove,  
And hope the sweets of solitude to prove ;  
But at my sight each verdant prospect wears  
A gloomy view, and ev'ry plant appears  
To bend its top, o'ercharg'd with dewy tears.  
What joy can I in these recesses find ?  
What beauteous scenes can please a guilty mind ?  
In vain the sun his morning pride displays,  
I turn my eyes, and sicken at its rays :  
The silver moon, and sparkling stars by night,  
Torment me too with their officious light.

Heaven and earth seem to reproach me, and join with the convictions of my own reason, which fully approves the rules I have violated. To what has my folly reduc'd me ? Where shall I seek for peace, when I am at variance with myself, and my practice is inconsistent with those heavenly precepts, to which my mind assents ?

I would tell you the story of my ruin, but every circumstance fills me with confusion. You know my seducer, and what a train of artifices he has employed to compleat it : You, madam, gave me many gentle admonitions ; but I was too secure in my own resolution, and that disguise of honour, which the false Sebastian always avow'd, and never with more assurance, than when his flattery betray'd me into this infamy.

Time and place, the evening gloom and verdant shade, every circumstance conspir'd to my undoing. The whispering gales, the falling fountains, the green retreats and flow'ry scenes, heighten'd

heighten'd the soft temptation : All nature seem'd to sooth the tender passion, and gave my charming seducer new advantages, his form, his aspect acquir'd unusual graces, and his language was all enchantment.

— *And oh ! his charming tongue  
Was but too well acquainted with my weakness.  
He talk'd of love, and all my melting heart  
Dissolv'd within my breast.* —

## OTWAY.

Whither is my imagination wandering ? Ye powers of chastity assist me ! blot this guilty scene for ever from my soul ! Let the remembrance of these criminal delights no more return ! Let them be lost in darkness and oblivion ! Let me be entertain'd with more pure and lasting joys, in some humble retreat, far from the noise and thoughtless amusements of the world ! I ask not princely bowers, or artful walks ; let me pass my hours in some unfrequented shade, where the images of vanity and sin may never enter ! Oh celestial life ! How do these peaceful scenes sooth and flatter my soul ! through what enchanting paths does my imagination stray ! Ye vain grandeurs of the world adieu ! Adieu ye idle amusements, and fantastick pleasures ! What shadows do you now appear ! How unsubstantial to these serious prospects of bliss ! Let me dwell unmolested here ! Let me lose the remembrance of this busy world, and hear no more of its distracting follies !

Here

226

226

Here let me attend the happy period, that shall  
untie the band of life ! and then,

*Let some fair spirit, form'd alone for love,  
That's happy in its full enjoyment,  
Tune the celestial lute, and gently sing  
A Requiem to my soul, call out my life  
By the sweet pow'r's of heav'nly harmony :  
While on a rosy couch I rest my head,  
And in the languishments of love divine  
Resign my breath, and wake in endless joy.*

In the height of distraction, I subscribe,

MADAM,

*Yours, &c.*



LET-

## LETTER VI.

*From EVANDER to a Libertine.*

OU must excuse me, my lord, if I should not yield to the conviction of your railery, nor damn my self in meer good manners and ceremony. I must confess never was a bad cause defended with more wit and vivacity; but I dare not venture on eternal misery, in the gaiety of my heart, nor give up my hopes of salvation for a jest.

Nor can you blame me, my lord, for being serious in things which to my apprehension are the greatest realities, tho' to your politer imagination they may appear but dreams and chimeras: 'till I can change my opinion I should act unreasonably, to desist from my pursuit of what I think the noblest end of human actions.

As for your objection against my scheme, that 'tis a happiness future and uncertain; yours, my lord, has the same disadvantage.

Is there any mortal that thinks himself happy in any present enjoyment? Some uneasy circumstance or other mingles it self with all sublunary bliss; 'tis some future expectation that engages

the

the mind. To morrow's assignation with a jovial friend or mistress depends on so precarious a thing as life, which thousands before another rising sun must resign, and yours perhaps may be among the destin'd number; and in that very moment your expectations perish, and prove as visionary, as the celestial pleasures and divine entertainments, that you turn into ridicule.

On your scheme, 'tis but a breath betwixt a man, a reasonable being, the Lord of the Creation; and a clod of earth, a shadow, a meer nothing. If the machine should keep in a proper situation to drink, to sing, to laugh and dance; a thousand other chances may start up to disappoint the promis'd joy; which if you reach, fruition itself will deceive your hopes, and leave you nothing but anxiety and remorse.

This is what can never happen to me, tho' all my bright expectations should prove a fiction; as soon as I reach the fatal period I shall be past reflection; my gaudy hopes and being will end at once, and leave me for ever insensible of my loss: in the mean time as long as the dream of life lasts, the very prospect of boundless and immortal pleasures must give the mind a greater satisfaction in meer speculation, than all those fleeting imperfect enjoyments, whose fallacy you every moment discover.

Let my plan of happiness be ever so visionary, 'tis noble; let it be invented by the craft of priests, or politicians, 'tis superior to all the luxury,

luxury, by which the greatest libertine ever propos'd to gratify his desires.

Riches and grandeur, wine and mirth, musick and beauty are the height of your wishes ; but all these either fatigue the mind with anxiety, or languish, or sleep on the senses. You have often own'd to me, that a series of these enjoyments has left you nothing but vanity and vexation ; and have in your reasonable intervals confess'd, that these are no more than specious names, and shadows of some *Original Good*, that the mind thro' every disguise pursues.

This is the supream excellence after which my soul aspires ; if 'tis imaginary, the mind must yet be enlarrg'd, by grasping at the enjoyment of infinite happiness : for I dare confess my end is the same with yours, 'tis pleasure we both pursue ; and as at present it consists chiefly in expectation, mine must surpass yours by the proportion of its object.

You have set your night for the *Opera*, to hear *Faustina* sing ; I expect the period, when the curtain of mortality shall be drawn, and the scenes of eternal glories open, and angels solace me with celestial harmony.

The flowery spring returns to love, and your soft retirement in one of the fairest seats in *England*, entertains you ; while my imagination wanders thro' the heavenly paradise, and recreates it self by blissful streams, among the trees of life.

You attend the happy period, that after long impatience shall give the charming *Zephalinda* to

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your

your vows ; while a diviner flame animates my soul, in the search of infinite perfection.

But tell me whence this wond'rous flame began,  
Ye angels, who behold the face of God !  
I call the worms, my brethren, and confess,  
Corruption is my father, yet high as yours,  
My wishes rise ; the same divine ambition,  
The same bright object kindles my desires.

O lovelier than the fairest of thy works !  
Nothing below thy self, great as thou art,  
Exalted and suprem — nothing below  
Thy self can ever fix my restless thought.  
These faculties were made alone for thee,  
Or I had never rais'd a wish so high.  
Necessity of nature leads me on ;  
My reason has no theme, my life no end :  
Love, the superior passion of my soul,  
Finds nothing equal to its dignity.  
Give all the sun goes round, to those that seek  
A happiness, beneath the sovereign good.  
One gentle look, one heav'nly smile of thine,  
Has blotted ev'ry charm from nature's face,  
And faded all the glory of the world.

Why dost thou bid me listen to the voice  
Of nature, in her just melodious round ?  
Why dost thou bid me trace the flow'ry fields,  
The spring's gay verdure, or with wand'ring eyes,  
Survey the circle of the firmament ?  
What is there lovely on the spacious earth,  
Or in th' æthereial round compar'd to thee ?  
Compar'd to thee the stars can boast no light,

The

*The sun it self in modest clouds conceal'd,  
Pays homage to the great eternal spring  
Of sacred life, and uncreated light.*

*Whate'er at utmost stretch the mind of man  
Can form, in its unbounded range of thought,  
Of bright, or fair, or justly regular,  
When fancy launches out to worlds unknown,  
And paints beyond, created beauty fair,  
Still thou art fairer, and more perfect still.*

I know my lord you will pardon this poetical excursion, since I have been led to it by your example.

I need not make an apology for continuing to insult you with my privileges, since I have no design in it but what is abstractly disinterested and charitable. A place of trust or honour employs your thoughts, and calls for your perpetual attendance; and when you think your self secure of the gawdy trifle, your pretensions may be lost by a momentary caprice: But my expectations run higher than any dignity this world can boast; 'tis a celestial crown and kingdom that fires my ambition; I am in pursuit of infinite honours, and grasp the glories of immortality.

You see, my lord, in every respect, in love and glory, I have the advantage of you. Suppose my pretensions as visionary as you will, nothing can be more exalted, than such a notion of happiness: 'tis endless and compleat, unclouded with pain or sorrow; whereas you can never

boast of being perfectly at ease, nor to taste pleasure unmixed with many mortifying evils; in your gayest flights, you cannot flatter your self with such views.

But this prospect is all peaceful and serene, not a moment's anxiety shall rise, to break the series of eternal joy. Whatever holy cheat laid the plan, 'tis no dishonour to be thus deluded. Let poets, priests or politicians be the inventors, a thousand times blest be the happy genius, that provided this relief to soften the chagrin of mortal life; when tir'd and sick of all mortal vanities, the mind reposes it self in fragrant bowers, sports on flowery lawns, and wanders thro' elysian groves; when the raptur'd fancy drinks at the fountains of life, and baths in rivers of immortal pleasure!

Death, the gloomy period of all your hopes, in the height of your luxury, and most jovial entertainments, insults your imagination with his horrid aspect: but this ghastly phantom, this universal terror, brightens into a smile, and in an angel's form beckons me away to endless rest. That untry'd gulph that you expect will at once swallow up your joys and your existence, appears to me a passage to undecaying life and pleasure.

And let it still be granted that my expectation of future bliss proves a fiction, and christianity a mere delusion, I shall be insensible of remorse or shame for my credulity; and shall lie down as  
gloriously

gloriously with the clods of the valley, and sleep as sweetly in my primitive dust as your lordship.

But oh ! should the objects of the christian faith prove true, what a wild hazard do you run? What limits will your confusion find? Your shame will be as lasting as your misery. You will reproach your self for ever, and be expos'd to the derision of the wretched society to which you are join'd. *Il ny a rien plus reel que cela, ny de plus terrible faisons tant que nous voudrons les braves.*

I have, you find, obey'd your commands and sent you my thoughts on this subject, to convince your lordship how much I am,

*Your devoted humble servant*

EVANDER.



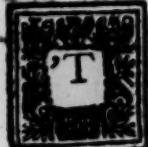
L E T-



## LETTER VII.

*From HERMINIUS to his sister, acquainting her with the happy effects of his passion for CLEORA.*

My dear SISTER,

 IS with great pleasure I obey your command, in letting you know the disposition of my heart to the charming CLEORA. To one whose thoughts were less refin'd than yours, my discourse would be incredible; but you are a sort of platonick, and may perhaps approve the effects of a generous passion, and give credit to the reformation it has made in my life.

You will forgive me, madam, for being once in the right, when I have dissented from you, since 'tis the only instance I have to boast of: Had I been govern'd by your advice, and fled the fair CLEORA, instead of conversing with her, I might have been an unreform'd libertine: But she set virtue in my view with its most charming advantages, I saw an angel in her form, and heard celestial musick in her voice; she was the messenger of the skies to convert me, I own'd the credentials, and yielded to the heavenly inspiration.

You

You know, my dear sister, that her dawning beauty had made an impression on my heart before I went to travel.

*I watch'd the early glories of her eyes,  
As men for day-break watch the eastern skies.*

DRYDEN.

I left *England* with the flattering hopes of finding her free at my return, and with a full intention to make my addresses to her. While I stay'd at *Rome*, that imperial seat of vice, the only loose amour I had, was with a beautiful *Italian*, who something resembled the matchless **CLEORA**, who was still the mistress of my reasonable affections.

But how great was the anguish of my soul, when after all my gay expectations, the first news that surpriz'd me at my return was, that she was just married to *Philaret*? the man that of all the world I would not have hated, or injur'd: A man that had every amiable quality, and was the pride and joy of all his acquaintance? Nor could I forget some former obligations his popular interest had laid on me. In this exigence I resolv'd to dispense with the ceremony of paying my compliments to him, that I might avoid the sight of his lovely bride; nor did I frequent any publick place where I was likely to meet her.

But at last the fatal interview came, and in the drawing-room, sparkling as an angel, I saw the lovely creature. From this moment I became an apostate

apostate to virtue, and secretly renouncing all the ties of truth and honour, resolv'd with great deliberation to be a villain. This noble design was the subject of my retir'd contemplations. With what wild, what impious soliloquies, have I whisper'd to the groves and streams ! wishing the laws of heaven cancell'd, and the state of nature, in the fiction of a golden age, real. These senseless lines have often express'd my infamous raptures.

*O siecle plus heureux mille fois pour les hommes,  
Que le siecle dur ou nous sommes !  
Non parce que la terre in cet age par fait  
Donnoit tous les fruits sans culture,  
Que les fleuves estoient de lait,  
Que le meil dans nous bois couloit sur la verdure.  
  
Mais parce que l'honneur, ce tyran des nos ames,  
Cette trompeuse idol, & ce phantom vain,  
Ne avoit sur les cours une pouvoir souverain,  
Et ne s'opposoit pas aux amorettes flames.*

Such were my secret extravagancies, the entertainments of my solitary walks : but in the height of my folly heaven did not entirely abandon me.

I took all handsome opportunities to follow and converse with the fair CLEORA, a favour she never refus'd me, if she had, I should have entertain'd more hopes, than from the manner in which she treated me: I attended her coach, her chair, haunted her at publick places, ogled, star'd, sigh'd, and practis'd all the modern fopperies

peries of love, which she never thought it worth her while to observe ; and to my great mortification, I found I neither pleas'd, nor molested her. All my dumb eloquence and mute address was lost on her ; she minded it no more, nor, perhaps, so much, as she would the frolics of a monkey. I might give my self what postures and airs I thought most becoming, and act the indolent, or languishing lover, without interruption ; she look'd as if she had no manner of apprehension what I was doing, or what I intended. My breath had been as well employ'd, in talking of darts and flames, to the plants and trees ; the jargon was so perfectly unintelligible to her, that she either answer'd nothing to the purpose, or turn'd the discourse to some grave moral subjects.

And as she had the finest turn of wit, and the most graceful manner of speaking in the world, every thing she said made an impression on my soul : every vice on which she set a mark of infamy, though ever so modish, lost its credit with me ; and every virtue, tho' ever so severe, seem'd practicable with her applause.

The manner in which she treated my passion, set me in a very ridiculous light to my self. The vanity appear'd unpardonable, that inspir'd me with the hopes of rivalling the happy man, to whom, in the sight of heaven, with her vows she had sincerely given her esteem and tenderest affections. Whatever regard was due to such distinguishing merit as *Philaret's*, she gave him : Nothing could be more soft and engaging than

her whole behaviour to him. Her modesty was unaffected, truth and justice appear'd in all her actions: In the gayest bloom of youth, and triumph of beauty, she practis'd the strictest rules of piety. This, join'd to the most gentle disposition, and a genius turn'd to every thing that was beautiful and polite, makes her one of the brightest characters of the age.

A thousand times blest be the heavenly power that kept me back from the ruin I courted, and by the example and conversation of this lovely woman, made me a proselyte to virtue, and guided me to a rational and lasting happiness!

But, my dear sister, this fortunate event shall not encourage me to contemn your advice on any future occasion; and in this instance I know you will forgive

*Madam,*

*Your most obedient humble Servant,*

HERMINIUS.



LET-



## LETTER VIII.

From BELLAMOUR to CARLOS, relating the story of his love to ALMEDA.

 A M glad to find you so entirely satisfied, so completely bless'd amidst the noise and amusements of the town. I congratulate your enjoyment of assemblies, operas and masquerades. But all your boasted pleasures can't raise my envy at present, nor tempt me back from the country.

My mind is in such a fantastick disposition, that I find more satisfaction in talking to trees, streams, and echoes, than to reasonable creatures. I converse frequently with a row of willows, that grow on the banks of a neighbouring river, and have often call'd them to witness, what they neither hear, nor understand. The streams are often swell'd with my tears, without ever rising to a deluge ; and the rocks melted at my complaints, without losing one atom of their bulk.

But while I laugh at my self, I shall easily forgive you, if you should take the same liberty, and

enter into the ridicule of my character : You are a lover your self of the modern jovial kind, quite the reverse of the solemn antiquated form of *Pastor Fido*, *Don Quixote*, and your humble servant.

All this railery is forc'd, and only us'd in policy, that I may tell my story with a good grace to a man of your gaiety.

You know how the young *Elvira* was left to my father's care by her mother, and by a contract between both our parents, was from her childhood design'd a wife for me ; but neither her beauty nor vast fortune have had the least influence on me to make any addresses to her. I have convers'd with her with great indifference, and thought I had reason to believe she had the same for me. But my father, in order to make good his engagements, when he was on his death-bed, desir'd me to promise him, with the greatest solemnity to marry her ; as he had been the best of parents, I promis'd him without any reluctance, on condition *Elvira* did not refuse me, of which I had some secret hopes : However, as I then had no other inclination, I was in no manner of care whether she accepted, or refused me.

But when I was last in town, and walking in the mall, I met one of the most agreeable women I ever saw ; she was tall, and exactly shap'd, her eyes large and fine, with something soft and pensive in her air, something of thought, of wit, of signification, which I can't express. Whether I then met my fellow-mind, that had been pair'd for

for me by destiny ; or whether in some pre-existent state we had been acquainted, I know not, but I flatter'd my self she observ'd me without contempt. I spent my time in following, or endeavouring to meet her, and at last had made my self so remarkable, that she seem'd to think herself oblig'd to avoid me. As far as I could, without being ridiculous by my curiosity, I enquir'd after her, but left the walks uninform'd who she was. I was in a day or two forc'd to go into the country, where I was detain'd for some months, endeavouring in vain to forget the fair stranger I had seen.

In this temper I was taking a solitary ramble from my own seat, 'till I came to the entrance of a wood that was near the Earl of \*\*\*\*\*'s park : here I found, surprizing as a heavenly vision, the lovely form that had charm'd me, sitting with a *Milton* in her hand, which she was reading with such attention, that I spoke to her before she saw me. She immediately withdrew into the park, but I follow'd her, and told her the happiness of my life depended on her attention, which in the most modest manner she at last granted, and heard the soft relation. That little success gave me such hopes, that I pursued the affair on every opportunity I could prevail with her to give me : For as my fortune and rank were superior to hers, which was only dependant, she acted with great caution, and convinc'd me that she posseß'd all that true grandeur of mind, that conscious virtue inspires. Her wit, the elegance

of

of her behaviour, with a thousand graces that attended her whole conduct, secur'd her conquest, and confin'd all my hopes of earthly happiness to the possession of the charming maid: Nor did I fear the least obstacle to my wishes, for I had told her my engagement to my father, and the full certainty I had, (as indeed I thought) of *Elvira's* refusal.

Which I now went to ask, with a perfect assurance that I should receive it. Her coldness did not seem to have the air of affectation, but rather the effect of a secret aversion. I look'd on my self as a sort of incumbrance entail'd on her by her ancestors, of which she would be joyfully freed, and in the gaiety of my heart made her an offer of my person, such as it was, without the least expectation of being accepted; as I was to my unspeakable confusion: She perceived my disappointment with a modest, but tender concern, and put me into a disorder that I could not easily recover.

I knew my love to the beautiful ALMEDA was a secret to every body but ourselves, and if it had been known, I would do *Elvira* the justice to confess, there was a sweetness in her temper almost incapable of malice: However, I durst not discover the affair without ALMEDA's consent; to whom I went in the height of my distress, to let her know the disappointment: She grew pale at the relation, funk into my arms, and only spoke with tears; but soon left me,

compos'd out give 10H. 1. night out with without

without letting me know her resolutions, 'till within a few Hours I receiv'd the enclos'd.

To BELLAMOUR,

I Beg you to forget, and never think of seeing me again, nor let any thing tempt you to violate your engagement to a dying father. It would be barbarous in you to abandon the fair Elvira, who was an orphan cast on the protection of your family. Do not entertain one anxious thought for me: I was the care of providence when I was unknown to you, and that will be my refuge in all future distress. Adieu for ever.

ALMEDA.

I am just going to discover our mutual passion to Elvira, and to shew her this letter, in hopes that compassion will prevail with her to refuse me; and can't but flatter my self with success, from the gentleness of her disposition. I am in all the changes of fortune,

My dear CARLOS,

Sincerely yours,

BELLAMOUR.

LET-



## LETTER IX.

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*To PHILARIO, from the Duke of \*\*\*. Written on his Death-bed.*

 BEFORE you receive this, my final state will be determin'd by the judge of all the earth ; in a few days at most, perhaps in a few hours, the inevitable sentence will be past, that shall raise me to the heights of happiness, or sink me to the depths of misery. While you read these lines, I shall be either groaning under the agonies of absolute despair, or triumphing in fulness of joy.

'Tis impossible for me to express the present disposition of my soul, the vast uncertainty I am struggling with ; no words can paint the force and vivacity of my apprehensions : Every doubt wears the face of horror, and would perfectly overwhelm me, but for some faint beams of hope, which dart across the tremendous gloom. What tongue can utter the anguish of a soul suspended between the extremes of infinite joy, or eternal misery ? I am throwing my last stake for eternity, and tremble and shudder for the important event.

Good God ! how have I employed my self ! what enchantment has held me ! in what delirium has

has my life been past ! what have I been doing ! while the sun in its race, and the stars in their courses, have lent their beams, perhaps, only to light me to perdition.

I never wak'd till now. I have but just com-  
menc'd the dignity of a rational being : 'Till this  
instant I had a wrong apprehension of every  
thing in nature ; I have pursued shadows, enter-  
tain'd my self with dreams ; I have been treasur-  
ing up dust, and sporting my self with the wind.  
I look back on my past life, and but for some  
memorials of infamy and guilt, 'tis all a blank, a  
perfect vacancy. I might have graz'd with the  
beasts of the field, or sung with the winged in-  
habitants in the woods, to much better purpose,  
than any for which I have liv'd : And oh ! but  
for some faint hope, a thousand times more blest  
had I been to have slept with the clods of the  
valley, and never heard the almighty *Fiat*, nor  
wak'd into life at his command !

I never had a just apprehension of the solemnity of the part I am to act 'till now. I have often met death insulting on the hostile plain, and with a stupid boast defy'd his terrors, with a courage as brutal as that of the warlike horse, I have rush'd into the battle, laugh'd at the glittering spear, and rejoic'd at the sound of the trumpet ; nor had a thought of any state beyond the grave, nor the great tribunal, to which I must have been summon'd ;

H *Where*

Where all my secret guilt had been reveal'd,  
Nor the minutest circumstance conceal'd.

'Tis this which arms death with all its terrors ; else I could still mock at fear, and smile in the face of the gloomy monarch. 'Tis not giving up my breath, 'tis not being for ever insensible, is the thought at which I shrink ; 'tis the terrible hereafter, the something beyond the grave at which I recoil. Those great realities, which in the hours of mirth and vanity I have treated as phantoms, as the idle dreams of superstitious brains ; these start forth, and dare me now in their most terrible demonstration. My awaken'd conscience feels something of that eternal vengeance, I have often defy'd. To what heights of madness is it possible for human nature to reach ? What extravagance is it to jest with death ! to laugh at damnation ! to sport with eternal chains, and recreate a jovial fancy with the scenes of infernal misery !

Were there no impiety in this kind of mirth, it would be as ill-bred as to entertain a dying friend with the sight of an *Harlequin*, or the rehearsal of a farce. Every thing in nature seems to reproach this levity in human creatures : The whole creation but man is serious ; man, who has the highest reason to be so, while he has affairs of infinite consequence depending on his short uncertain duration. A condemn'd wretch may with as good a grace go dancing to his execution,

## Moral and Entertaining.

51

as the greatest part of mankind go on with such a thoughtless gaiety to their graves.

Oh my *Philario* ! with what horror do I recall those hours of vanity we have wasted together ? Return ye lost neglected moments ! how should I prize you above the eastern treasures ! Let me dwell with hermits, let me rest on the cold earth, let me converse in cottages ; may I but once more stand a candidate for an immortal crown, and have my probation for celestial happiness !

Ye vain grandeurs of a court ! ye sounding titles ! and perishing riches ! what do ye now signify ? what consolation, what relief can ye give me ?

I have had a splendid passage to the grave, I die in state, and languish under a gilded canopy, I am expiring on soft and downy pillows, and am respectfully attended by my servants and physicians : My dependants sigh, my sisters weep ; my father bends beneath a load of years and grief ; my lovely wife, pale and silent, conceals her inward anguish ; my friend, the generous *Pylades*, who was as my own soul, suppresses his sighs, and leaves me to hide his secret grief.

But oh ! which of these will answer my summons at the high tribunal ? which of them will bail me from the arrest of death ? who will descend into the dark prison of the grave for me ?

Here they all leave me, after having paid a few idle ceremonies to the breathless clay ; which, perhaps, may lie repos'd in state, while my soul,

my only conscious part, may stand trembling before my judge. My afflicted friends, 'tis very probable, with great solemnity, will lay the senseless corps in a stately monument, inscrib'd with,

*Here lies the Great.*

But could the pale carcass speak, it would soon reply;

False marble, where?

*Nothing but poor and sordid dust lies here.* **COWLEY.**  
While some flattering panegyrick is pronounc'd at my interment, I may perhaps be hearing my just condemnation at a superior tribunal; where an unerring verdict may sentence me to everlasting infamy. But I cast my self on his absolute mercy, through the infinite merits of the Redeemer of lost mankind. Adieu, my dear *Philaro*, 'till we meet in the world of spirits.



**LET-**  
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LETTER X.

*From CELADON to AMASIA who had seduc'd  
him into a criminal love for her.*

 OO lovely AMASIA ! whether have you led my heedless steps ? Into what paths of destruction have you seduced me ? I have done an action which will never bear the reflection of reason ; an action, that will stamp an endless stain on my character, and with which, my conscience loudly reproaches me.

I have sinned against all the tyes of honour and gratitude. The generous man I have wronged, was the guardian of my childhood, and the guide of my yet unexperienc'd youth. I am ent'ring into the world under his conduct and protection, he has been more than a father to me ; never was a trust discharg'd with greater tenderness and fidelity. May heaven return it in a thousand blessings on his head ! — Should he ever leave an orphan, like me, expos'd, may it meet the same justice and humanity I have found from him ; but oh ! may it never make such a return ! Let such villany never stain his noble race, nor leave a blemish on his name !

These

These thoughts bring back to my memory, all his gentle treatment; awake my young affections, and melt me into childish tears. — O could they wash away my guilt, and restore me back to virtue!

— Yet I'll look up.  
My fault is past. But oh! what form of prayer  
Can serve my turn! —

SHAKESPEAR.

Curse on the maxims of the world, and that impropriety of language, that would disguise the basest of crimes, with the names of amusement and gallantry! Let me be singular, let me be unpolite, let me be unfashionably good, if I can, but keep my peace, and justify my self to my own conscience! Let me inviolably observe the rules of truth and justice, be fearless and open to the inspection of God, and may everlasting reproach rest, on all the modish appellations and refinements, that would soften the horror of a base and treacherous action!

These were the principles, in which the injur'd *Altamont* instructed me, and confirm'd by his own great example. My mind had been elevated by the rehearsal of heroick actions, and a love to the publick interest; by a philosophick fortitude, and the command of my passions. Such were the motives that govern'd me, 'till the fatal day came that made you a bride to the deluded *Altamont*: from which unhappy period, I may date my apostacy

postacy from virtue. You taught me softer maxims, and perverted the noble ardour of my soul, into loose and infamous designs; while you careſ'd me with an open freedom, which my early years, and your husband's affection for me, too easily excus'd.

'Till then I had been a stranger to love; and thoughtless of danger, left my ſelf unguarded to all your charms; ignorant whither the growing paſſion led, nor thought the pleasure criminal, which I took in your conveſation: But I was ſoon ſoften'd into ſin, and unwarily took in the deadly poison, while you indulg'd the guilty inclination, and ſooth'd me into ruin.

What infernal delusion perverted your judgment, when you prefer'd me to the man, to whom you had given your vows? The vainest of all your ſex might have limited her ambition with ſuch a conqueſt. If the moſt agreeable perſon, the beſt temper, join'd with unblemish'd equity to man, and piety to God, ever claim'd esteem, he might justly challenge it, from all that knew him.

But he had a right to your affection, by a thouſand tender engagements, and by his entire confidence in your fidelity; not from any crudelty of temper, but from his own innate honour, and a ſoul incapable of treachery or distrust. With an artifice, which only hell could teach, you have ſecur'd the esteem of a man, who in all things elſe acts with the greateſt judgment and penetration.

'Twas

'Twas the disguise I saw you practice, that recall'd me back to truth and honour ; in your crime, I perceiv'd my own guilt, and abhor'd the monstrous part I had been acting. While he, my guardian, my protector, had been fatiguing himself with cares and journeys, to secure me from wrongs and injustice, I in his own house prov'd a traytor to his honour, and invaded the most sacred rights of his affection. — O that he would appear to my view an enemy, a villain, any thing but a friend and benefactor ! These titles confound and pierce my soul with the most exquisite torments.

The fever from which I am just recover'd, was not half so threatening to my life, as the expressions of his kindness. When with the tenderness of a father, and the benignity of a friend, he watch'd my languishing intervals, and discover'd the most affectionate concern for my life. How exquisite was my remorse ! Nothing but the dread of eternal vengeance, could have kept me from putting an end to that life, for which he shew'd such an unfeigned concern.

My crime stood in all its aggravations before me. The secret sense of my guilt, was worse than death or infamy ; I abhor'd the disguise of virtue, by which I deceiv'd him : No consideration, but his happiness, could have restrain'd me from confessing my villainy, and giving my self up to his just reproaches and vengeance. I could have smil'd on death, and welcom'd the fatal stroke

stroke from his hand, could that have been an expiation for my guilt.

But I had my peace to make with heaven, and found another sort of expiation necessary, to secure me from divine vengeance: so that as much as I was tired with life, death was no refuge, nor could I fly to the grave as a sanctuary. Yet as soon as ever my health permits, I am fully determin'd to make my self an exile from my native country, and fly the sight of my injur'd friend for ever. But

*Where shall I find refuge?  
No barb'rous nation will receive a guilt  
So much transcending theirs; but drive me out.  
The wildest beasts will hunt me from their dens,  
And birds of prey molest me in the grave.*

I dare not see you, madam, to take a last farewell. You have beauty, and I am human; and after these convictions, should the dangerous flame again kindle, I must sin away all hopes of forgiveness from God or man. Make what reparation you can to the best of husbands by your future conduct. 'Tis the last advice you will receive from

*The unhappy*

**CELADON.**

**I L E T**



## LETTER XI.

*To my Lord \*\*\*\*\*, from a Statesman.*

My LORD,



OUR commands are very obliging, in giving me an opportunity to be impertinent, by entering into a detail of my solitary amusements, in this absolute retreat, from all the polite and agreeable part of society. 'Tis well I have your gracious indulgence to talk of my self, and be the Hero of my own romance; for without vanity I meet nothing here more considerable, nor is it without justice, that I claim the privilege of personating the superior part in the dramma.

Indeed I was never more sensible of my own dignity; abstract from business or diversion, my mind retires within it self, where it finds treasures 'till now undiscover'd, capacities form'd for infinite objects, desires that stretch themselves beyond the limits of this wide creation, in search of the great original of life and pleasure: I find new powers exerting their energy, some latent exercises, which 'till now, I have been a stranger to.

to. I have, indeed, heard from the men, who teach such holy fables, (as I then thought them,) that the soul was immortal, and capable of celestial joys : But I rather wish'd, than believ'd, these transporting truths, and put them on a level with the poet's rosy bowers, their myrtle shades, and soft *Elysian* fields ; but now I am convinc'd of their evidence, and triumph in the privileges of my own being. I rejoice to think that the moment I begun to exist, I enter'd on an eternal state, and commenc'd a duration, that shall run parallel, to that of the supreme and self-existent mind.

This prospect animates me with a divine ambition, and casts a reproach on all created glory ; the world vanishes, its charms and soft allurements are no more ; a veil is cast on mortal beauty ; the spell is broken, the enchantment dissolv'd.

You smile, I know, and take this for an imaginary triumph, a sort of cowardly insult, in the absence of an enemy : You will tell me, this contempt of grandeur appears with an ill grace, in one that has the possession of a splendid post in the government : But this, my Lord, is what has given me a just opinion of the world, and of my self. A constant series of success and prosperity, has convinc'd me, that the whole creation cannot make me blest. My ambitious designs have never been disappointed ; in love, by a strange caprice of the sex, I have been always fortunate ; but whatever pleasure I pursu'd, the enjoyment always undeceiv'd, or disgusted me : Sometimes I

was too wise, and sometimes too capricious to be pleas'd.

Why am I not at rest? Why cannot these objects satisfy, or at least delude me with a dream of happiness? Why must I so exactly ballance the weight of evil, that mingles with every good? Had I these reflecting powers to make me thus nicely miserable? I am reasoning away all the satisfaction of human life, and growing wise to desperation. I can't so much as amuse my self with an airy hope. I have try'd all the vanities below the sun, and there is no novelty left to flatter me: I know the utmost that beauty and greatness can give, and am cur'd of love and ambition, by experimental evidence.

What a paradise, what lasting joys, did I promise my self in the possession of the admir'd *Aspasia*? The yielding beauty, by granting my desires, lost my esteem; her charms vanish'd, her wit was impertinence, and her artifice disgusted me. This put a period to my gallantries. The women were no longer angels, but meer erring mortals, with whom I convers'd on a level, without any temptation to idolatry. Balls and assemblies, dancing and dress, were no longer the subjects of my serious application, nor the supreme design of my being. I no longer interested my self in the success of any modish entertainment: With great moderation, I heard the grand controversy who sung best, *Cuzzoni*, or *Fauftina*; and I left the important truth to be decided by more capable judges. I yielded an implicit af-

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sent to every well drest critick, who affirm'd Mrs. —— was the best actress of *Polly* in the *Beggar's Opera*, and never betray'd any intemperate zeal, or breach of charity, against those who dissented. I knew every beau and fine lady in *Great Britain* had a right to judge for themselves, and, that being too positive, might endanger the publick peace.

But these soft follies were only discarded for more specious vanities. Distinction and power, titles and equipage, now employ'd my thoughts : ambition took full possession of my soul.—I reach'd the envy'd height, and made my self gloriously miserable. The period from whence I resolv'd to date my happiness, begun with distrust and anxiety : Instead of friends, I found my self surrounded with flatterers and mercenary dependants. Impatient and fatigu'd with the crowd, I sometimes withdrew to my apartment, and in solitary grandeur try'd, what joys the contemplation on my quality and titles could give. —

*The most noble ! — The right honourable ! — Ye potent words ! I cry'd, Where is your energy ! — Ye mighty sounds ! that once fir'd my soul, where is your accustomed force ? Have ye no pleasing magick to still the tempest within ? — Ye boasted names of trust and power ! why can ye no longer recreate my spirits, nor solace my moments of leisure and retirement. Is there nothing in the glittering coronet, this popular toy, to divert me ? While I am surrounded with the pageantries of state, and see so many badges of my*

*own*

own dignity, why does not my mind elate it self, and brighten into ecstasy? One would think it impossible to be splenetick, with these fine panegyricks and elegant dedications lying before me. Here I find my self a hero, a wit, a handsome man, a virtuoso; and to sum up all, an universal blessing to mankind. This darling theme, this catalogue of my own good qualities, one would imagine should gladden my heart, and give me some vivacity; and yet really, my Lord, as agreeable as the subject of my own merit is, it would hardly have kept me awake, if the vexations of state had not done it.

My late indisposition has given me a just excuse to withdraw from publick affairs. I have found a romantick retreat, surrounded with a charming variety of woods, open lawns, and flowery vales, in their uncultivated beauty. Here I rove unattended and free, with no circumstance of grandeur, but the consciousness of a reasonable and immortal being. I have the joy to find I can stand on my own legs, and move from place to place with a spontaneous motion; without the assistance of a painted machine, the prudence of my coachman, and the vigour of my horses.

I have try'd what delights were to be found in madness and folly, and am now in pursuit of what wisdom and philosophy can yield. In the fair creation I trace an Almighty Power, and see the immense Divinity impress'd on all his works. Inspir'd with a charming enthusiasm, I address the great spirit of nature in these soliloquies.

Ye woods and wilds, receive me to your shade !  
 These still retreats my contemplation aid :  
 From mortals flying, to your chaste abode,  
 Let me attend th'instructive voice of God !  
 He speaks in all, and is in all things found,  
 I hear him, I perceive him all around ;  
 In nature's lovely and unblemish'd face,  
 With joy, his sacred lineaments I trace.

O glorious being ! O supremely fair !  
 How free, how perfect thy productions are ?  
 Forgive me, while with curious eyes I view  
 Thy works, and boldly thus thy steps pursue.  
 The silent valley, and the lonely grove  
 I haunt, but oh ! 'tis thee I seek and love.  
 'Tis not the chaunt of birds, nor whispering breeze,  
 But thy soft voice I seek among the trees.  
 Invoking thee by silver streams I walk,  
 To thee in solitary shades I talk.  
 I speak thy dear-lov'd name, nor speak in vain,  
 Kind echo's long, the pleasing sound retain.  
 Reviving sweets the op'ning flowers disclose,  
 Fragrant the violet, the budding rose ;  
 But all their balmy sweets from thee they steal,  
 And something of thee to my sense reveal.  
 Fair look the stars, and fair the morning ray,  
 When first the fields their painted scenes display.  
 Glorious the sun in his meridian height !  
 And yet, compar'd to thee, how faint the light !  
 Ador'd artifcer ! What skill divine !  
 What wonders in the wide creation shine !  
 Order and majesty adorn the whole,  
 Beauty and life, and thou th'inspiring soul.

What-

*Whatever grace or harmony's express'd  
On all thy works, the God is there confess'd.  
But oh ! from all thy works how small a part,  
To human minds is known of what thou art !  
Fancy gives o'er its flight in search of thee ;  
Our thoughts are lost in thy immensity.*

The thoughts are my own, but I am modest enough to confess the cadence and rhyme are borrow'd ; and as you are a patron of the muses, I believ'd the harmony would please you : But you are certainly over-joy'd to find the rapture is finish'd ; and that after this elevation, I am compos'd enough to subscribe my self

*Your Lordship's*

*Most devoted*

*Humble Servant,*

PHILANDER.



LET-



LETTER XII.

*To MYRTILLO, from a Physician, giving him an account of his falling in Love with a fair Stranger.*

My dear MYRTILLO;

HE engagement I am under to attend the Earl of \*\*\*\*\* in his illness, will detain me longer in the country than I design'd; nor is this the only motive that has kept me here.

I can conceal nothing of importance, without a breach of that confidence I have in you, nor can I deny my self the pleasure of telling the tender story of my care.

You'll be surpriz'd that the person who convers'd in the mall, the playhouse and opera, with such indifference, should turn lover in the country; but 'tis a serious truth, and will not admit of raillery: All my earthly happiness is in suspense, and depends on the success of this passion.

Nor will you censure me, when I tell you, that my conqueror is the lovely stranger, that appear'd in publick last winter with the Dutchess of \_\_\_\_\_. I did not see her then, and if I had, business or diversion might have guarded me

K from

from the soft surprize ; but all nature, every alluring circumstance conspir'd here to vanquish and enchant me.

The evening was fair, and with Mr. Thompson's excellent Poem on *Summer* in my hand, I took a walk, and read by intervals, 'till all my soul was compos'd and harmonious.

*These are the haunts of meditation, these  
The scenes, where ancient bards th'inspiring breath,  
Extatic, felt ; and from the world retir'd,  
Convers'd with angels, and immortal forms,  
On heav'nly errand bent. — To save the fall  
Of virtue, struggling on the brink of vice,  
To hint pure thoughts, and warn the favour'd soul,  
For future tryals fated to prepare.*

In this visionary temper, I had wander'd about a mile from the Earl of \*\*\*\*\*'s gardens and park, 'till I enter'd a winding valley, green and flowery as the *Elysian* fields ; a silver stream ran murmuring along the middle, and willows in equal order adorn'd the banks : It was not perfect nature, something of art appear'd, but in the most agreeable negligence. There were many little mossy seats rais'd along the sides of the river ; but what pleas'd me most was a grotto, which look'd like the retirement of some sylvan deity : I enter'd, and lost my self in a pleasing contemplation, 'till the sight of the most charming object I ever beheld, surpriz'd me : She seem'd

*Fairer than feign'd of old, or fabled since,  
Of fairy-damsels, met in forest wide  
By errant knights. —*

MILTON,

Her shape and features were perfectly regular ; her complexion clear as the light. — But I might as well paint virtue or harmony, as describe the graces of her mein and aspect ; in which there was nothing of that gay and thoughtless vivacity, that most of her sex think so becoming ; but something so serious and compos'd, something that express'd a mind within conscious of its own dignity, and heavenly original. She advanc'd till she came near the arbour that conceal'd me, and then seating her self on the bank of the river, in a pensive posture, leaning her cheek on her hand, white as the new fallen snow, with a soft and graceful accent, she repeated the following lines out of Sir *Richard Blackmore's* fine poem on the creation.

*Thy force alone, religion, death disarms,  
Breaks all his darts, and ev'ry viper charms.  
Soften'd by thee, the grizly form appears,  
No more the horrid object of our fears.  
We, undismay'd, this artful pow'r obey,  
That guides us thro' the safe, tho' gloomy way,  
Which leads to life. — — —*

I heard her with a very tender concern, because there appear'd something in her complexion too delicate for a state of confirm'd health, and was perhaps what led her to such a serious thought. While she was going on, a spruce footman came to tell her supper was ready, and her father waited for her : She rose immediately, and follow'd the man at some distance. When

they were gone, my curiosity ventur'd some paces forward, and at the end of the walk perceiv'd a pretty romantick pile of building, where she enter'd. But the evening grew dusky, and I hasted back to the Earl's seat, and retiring to my apartment, past my time in writing this adventure, of which you shall hear the sequel in my next: But I am grown a lover in one fatal moment, and in this deplorable circumstance, am,

*Your most humble Servant,*

LEANDER,



LET.



## LETTER XIII.

*To the same, relating the Death of his Mistress.*



Y last inform'd you in what a serious passion I was engag'd ; but the tragedy is now finish'd, and I am past the possibility of being happy in this world.

A few days after my last adventure, there came a messenger from a neighbouring gentleman, for me to attend one of the family, who was ill ; I follow'd the servant, and found, to my surprize, 'twas the house where all my hopes were confin'd. I was immediately conducted to the apartment of my patient, who prov'd the lovely woman I had seen in my last ramble ; she was sitting in a chair, pale and negligent, but perfectly graceful in the height of her disorder.

No words can expres my grief, when I found the symptoms of her distemper fatal : Indeed the distraction of my mind was so remarkable, that she could not but observe it, and perceiving her own danger in my concern, she asked me without the least emotion, *If I was surpriz'd to find her mortal ?* But she desir'd me, *Since 'twas a truth*

*truth of which she was entirely convinc'd, to speak my opinion, without the least flattery or caution.*

This true greatness of mind, confirm'd my esteem, and heighten'd my concern for her life ; but I was in the last exigence what to reply. I durst not flatter her in the common strain of my profession, nor could I imitate that insensibility, which the young heroine acted, in an event on which the future happiness of my life depended.

I was ashame'd to weep, but while sorrow kept me silent, the dying beauty told me some intervals of disorder she lately felt, had made the darkness of the grave, and the solemnity of a death-bed, familiar scenes to her imagination. *Waiting for my last hour, added she, without consternation, I find this mortal structure sinking into the dust ; but, methinks I find the nobler powers of my soul, kindling into life and immortality.*

What are the lawrels and trophies of conquerors, compar'd to this scene of triumph, which now I could have envy'd ? But my charming patient desir'd she might try to rest, and I retir'd, resolving not to go from the house, 'till I saw the event. She lay as if she slept, 'till the morning, when I was hastily call'd, and found her past all hopes, but of a few hours life. Her senses were perfect, and a sort of languishing beauty adorn'd her face, charming beyond all the vivacity of health.

These were some of her last words, utter'd with a faint, but pleasing accent, the sound of which I shall never forget.

*O Death !*

O death ! how hast thou disguis'd thy terrors,  
and put on an angel's form to approach me ! What  
welcome, what transporting tidings hast thou  
brought me ! I come thou kind messenger of my  
liberty and happiness ; I obey thy gentle invitation.

When shall the curtain fall, and these blest eyes  
Meet all the dazzling wonders of the skies ?  
Oh rend the bated veil, and take away,  
The dull partition of this brittle clay !  
Come heav'nly day, which ne'er shall see a cloud !  
Come clearing smiles, from the bright face of God.

I see, methinks, the glimmering of celestial light,  
and bless the dawning of everlasting day ; the  
shadows are flying, and the heavens opening their  
inmost glories before me. In a few moments I  
shall enter the blissful habitations, the dazzling  
recesses of the most high, whom I shall behold in  
full perfection, exalted in majesty, and compleat  
in beauty. My hopes are unbounded, I set no  
limits to my expectations ; for in his presence is  
fulness of joy, and at his right hand, are plea-  
sures for evermore.

With these transporting scenes before me, what  
glorious mortal could excite my envy ? What  
scene of pleasure could the whole creation display  
to tempt me back ? The dark dominions of death  
which I am passing through, not a captive, but  
a conqueror, through the strength of my victori-  
ous Redeemer, who has led in triumph all the  
powers

powers of darkness. Millions of ages of happiness are before me: The prospect stretches to an immeasurable length, my soul presses forward, and calls eternity it self her own.

At these words, closing her eyes, with a smile she resign'd her breath, and left me,

*Your most unhappy Friend,*

LEANDER.



LET-

## LETTER XIV.

From MYRTILLA to HERMIONE, giving an account of the fatal Event of her Brother's Passion, for her.

My dear HERMIONE,

 Hope my last letter prepar'd you for the melancholy tidings, which this brings you of my brother's death. I know the relation will heighten your grief, and renew my own sorrow; but reason signifies nothing, and proves but an empty name, in the transport of such a tender passion, as now possesses all my soul.

After the fatal time that my father had extorted a promise from my brother, and charged him on his blessing never to see you more, I perceived an alteration in the gaiety of his temper, with a visible decay of his health; but I could hardly persuade my self love was the cause, imagining the soft passion, in a youth of eighteen, was easily diverted from one fair object to another.

I was confirm'd in this, by his obliging and submissive behaviour to my father, whose conduct

L

in

in this affair was indeed arbitrary and severe ; nor could I forbear making some secret reproaches on such a rigorous imposition, where there could be no objection made but to your fortune.

However, filial affection was certainly my brother's governing principle, and he still found some plausible excuses for that severe command, which cut off the brightest hopes he had of any earthly happiness : His piety always silenc'd my resentments, and pleaded my father's absolute right to dispose of him.

But as much as he endeavoured to disguise his passion from me, the enclosed will convince you of the inward anguish of his mind, which he gave me the day before he died, and charg'd me not to read it 'till his eyes were closed in death.

My father, in the utmost distress, look'd on the expiring youth, but durst not examine into a secret, which would have given him the extreamest regret to discover : My brother perceiv'd his concern, and gave him all the consolation he could, by owning his paternal care of his principles and actions, and returned him the most pathetick acknowledgments, for the restraint his authority had put, on some of his youthful follies : My father observ'd the kind intention of this discourse, which still added to the anguish of his soul.

*Be satisfied, my dear father, said the dying youth, be satisfied with the determinations of heaven. I might have dragg'd out a long inglorious life, loaded with infamy and guilt.*

Then

Then, taking me by the hand, with a heavenly smile on his face, he said, *Adieu my dear sister, I am rather falling into a gentle sleep than dying. I feel no pain, and all within, is peaceful and calm.* And then closing his eyes, with a soft voice he repeated these words, and with them resigned his breath.

*The angels call, they call me from above,  
And bid me hasten to the realms of love :  
My soul with transport hears the happy doom,  
I come, ye gentle messengers, I come !  
Earth flies, with all the charms it has in store,  
Its snares, and gay temptations are no more :  
While heaven appears, and the propitious skies,  
Unveil their inmost glories to my eyes.  
To mortals and their hopes I bid adieu,  
And ask no more the rising sun to view ;  
For oh ! the light himself, with rays divine  
Breaks in, and God's eternal day is mine.*

After this moving story, whether I ought in prudence to let you see the inclosed, I can't determine ; but 'tis not in my power to keep it a secret from my most faithful friend, 'Twill shew you my brother's height of virtue, in commanding a passion so tender and fatal.

*I am,  
Unalterably yours,*

**MYRTILLA.**

This is the letter he gave me seal'd, the day before he died, with a charge not to open it 'till after he was dead.

To MYRTILLA.

My dear SISTER,

“ **W**Hatever care I have taken hitherto to conceal my folly, I now confess it, that the fatal effect may warn you, from giving up your self to the government of an immoderate passion. 'Twas this that hasten'd my early destiny, and cut off all the noble ends of my life.

“ My love to the beautiful HERMIONE was such an enchantment, that all the motives of reason and religion could not free me from it. The improvements of art and nature, the love of my country, and the publick welfare, had no share in my thoughts. My piety was enervated, and the important end of my being neglected. I liv'd, and mov'd, and acted with no other design, but to please the caprice of my fair tyrant.

“ 'Till my father, with the highest reason, endeavoured to rescue me from the inglorious slavery; I was convinced of the kindness of his intention, and how much he consulted my honour and advantage, in putting me under a solemn obligation, never to see the object of my dotage more.

With

“ With the utmost violence to my tender inclination, I kept my promise, and fell a victim to the ties of filial piety and truth. What regard I paid to those sacred names, Heaven was my witness, and how sincerely I strove to conquer the unhappy passion that possess'd me. Aided by a Power Divine, I at last recovered my reason, but my health hourly declined, and death is now advancing to release me, from all the remainders of error and folly. The soft affections of my soul will be perfectly refined into a noble and seraphick ardour. I am going to the fruition of immortal beauty, and unmixed pleasure. I shall gaze on the bright original of all that's excellent and lovely. I shall hear the voice of uncreated harmony, speaking peace and unutterable extacy to my soul.

“ Adieu, my dear MYRTILLA, my much lov'd sister. May angels watch your steps, and keep you in the paths of virtue ! Make it your study to soften my father's cares, and add no sorrow to his hoary age. I fear he will carry his grief for me to the grave. But oh ! let him never know the excess of my folly. I charge you not to shew him a word of this Letter, nor once reflect on his well-meant severity. Farewel, 'till we meet in the blissful realms of love.



LETTER XV.

To Mr. —

SIR,



HE instances of heathen virtue, that you have collected, have something in them I confess, noble and surprizing ; and your eloquence has set them in their full lustre and magnitude : But there is a name, the *Christian* boast and hope, that darkens all human glory, and which, with a sort of pious insult, may be oppos'd to the most accomplish'd of your hero's. The poem I have enclos'd on this lofty subject, is a paraphrase on Mr. *Craik's* *Hymn to the Name of JESUS*, and there is little alteration of any thing, but the language.

A HYMN to the Name of JESUS.

A Wake, my soul ! my glory rise and sing !  
 Awake, and all thy sacred ardour bring !  
 While for unusual flight I spread a tow'ring wing.  
 Awake, my lute ! proud of thy glorious theme ;  
 Let each harmonious string,  
 Tremble with rapt'rous joy, and speak the mighty name !

Affit

*Affix me ev'ry gentle sound,  
Which studious art has found ;  
You that speak with silver strings,  
Or swell with tuneful breath,  
And lend the coward wings,  
To meet the face of death :  
You that in the rural strain,  
Echo thro' the peaceful plain,  
Delight the groves, and charm the guiltless swain ;  
With you that various joys afford,  
Touch'd by a skilful hand,  
Which can the pow'rs of harmony command,  
And dance with graceful art along the tuneful cord.  
You that with vocal musick please the ear,  
Your choicest strains prepare :  
The springs which move our inmost thoughts  
(you know,  
And can their fiercest rage controul,  
While from your lips torrents of pleasures flow,  
And overwhelm the soul.  
Let all that nature graceful calls, or sweet,  
In the glorious consort meet !  
Purling streams, and falling floods,  
Sighing winds, and whisp'ring woods !  
Let ev'ry bird of tuneful throat,  
Join his free ungovern'd note ;  
While hills and valleys catch the sacred strain,  
And everlasting echo's the blest sound retain !  
With J E S U S we begin, his charming name,  
Shall fill the spacious song,  
And yield an endless theme.*

To ev'ry note the joyful word we'll place,  
Our soft preludiums this alone shall grace,  
And ev'ry cadence artfully prolong.

New smiles already nature wears,  
All blooming looks and gay ;  
The brighten'd sun crown'd with fresh beams ap-  
And darts a clearer ray. (pears,

Transporting Name !

Whose accents to the ransom'd world proclaim,  
Salvation, and immeasurable grace,  
Peace and good-will to all the human race ;  
A purchas'd heav'n, an open'd paradise,  
Unbounded joys, and never-ending bliss.

Stupendous love !

Can man for this ungrateful prove ?  
JESUS the Saviour ! what rebellious knee,  
Would not a ready homage pay to thee ?

The Martyrs glorious train,

Thy noble votaries of old,  
In records of immortal fame enroll'd,  
Wore on their breasts inscrib'd, thy mighty name :  
By this, with sacred fortitude inspir'd,  
With heavenly zeal and transport fir'd,

They ran upon the pointed spear,  
And leap'd into the flame ;  
Nor death could in a shape appear,  
But what with open arms they met,  
Despising all that rage could do, or proudest tyrant's  
(threat,

Not

Not hell it self their constancy could shake,  
 Its deepest stratagems they brake,  
 Its wildest fury trampled down,  
 And seized with conqu'ring hands the everlasting  
 (crown:

JESUS the signal for the fight they chose,

And gave a glorious onset to their foes :

In vain the powers of earth and hell oppose,

JESUS, our conqu'ring chief ! they cry'd,

JESUS ! aloud the sounding skies reply'd.

Exalted Name !

From thee the burning seraphs catch their flame:

JESUS the God ! 'tis they alone can tell,

What treasures in that title dwell.

You happy spirits that feel its emphasis,

By this you stand confirm'd in bliss,

And know what boundless joys are stor'd

In this important word.

The glorious subject only suits,

The high strain'd notes of your immortal lutes:

Then join the choir,

You bright musicians of the skies,

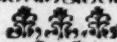
And with a well-proportion'd fire

Instruct us how to rise:

Let your blest harps th' imperfect lay prolong,

Compleat the bold design, and close th' advent'rous

(Song:



M

L E T



## LETTER XVI.

*Lady JANE GRAY, to Lord GUILFORD DUDLEY.*



IT Hanguish that no force of words  
can tell,

In these sad lines I take my last  
farewell.

Could I with less reluctance part from thee,  
Approaching death had no surprize for me ;  
That solemn prospect should my thoughts employ,  
And banish ev'ry tender scene of joy :  
But thou dost still return upon my soul,  
What force the soft temptation can controul ?  
I meet thee still resistless in thy charms,  
Sigh on thy breast, and languish in thy arms.

O GUILFORD ! 'tis no wretched love of life,  
That fills my thoughts with this uneasy strife,  
The flatt'ring blandishments of youthful years,  
A promis'd kingdom, nor my country's tears ;  
For thee alone I'd live, for thee alone,  
I took the fatal proffer of a crown.  
No fond ambition stain'd my guiltless mind,  
Inspir'd with passions of a gentler kind :  
With thee I would have chose some calm retreat,  
Far from the dull formalities of state ;

How

How careless ! how serene my fleeting hours,  
Had pass'd in shady walks and fragrant bow'rs !  
Pleas'd with the murmurs of a smooth cascade,  
Or near some chrystral fountain, while it play'd,  
Upon its flow'ry verge, with thee reclin'd,  
My voice I to the melting lute had join'd,  
And sooth'd thy soul with gentle strains of love,  
Answer'd by all the musick of the grove.

Where rove my thoughts ? — Assist me grace  
This last, this darling object to resign ; [divine !  
Forgive this frailty of my tender years,  
This guilty fondness, and these female tears.  
Yet Heaven my witness stands, I would not buy,  
Ev'n GUILFORD's life, with one inglorious lye ;  
Nor dare my tongue, for all these ample skies  
Contain, the form of sacred truth disguise.  
Be *Rome* ! be hell ! in their revengeful pride,  
Their flames, their racks, and tort'ring arts defy'd :  
A thousand glorious witnesses have stood  
For this great cause, and seal'd it with their blood,  
Thou conqu'ring leader of a shining train  
Of martyrs, for thy testimony slain !  
In thy victorious name I dare engage,  
The utmost force of persecuting rage :  
To men, to angels, be my soul unveil'd,  
Nor any part of heav'nly truth conceal'd !  
The glorious cause that animates my breast,  
My lips with holy triumph shall attest ;  
Attest it with my last expiring breath,  
And smile on all the solemn pomp of death.

But darker scenes before my fancy rise,  
And nature, vanquish'd, sinks in the surprize :

To shake my utmost virtue, 'tis decreed  
That thou to *Rome* must first a victim bleed.  
How shall thy wretched wife that stroke survive !  
An hour beyond will be an age to live.  
But **GUILFORD** keep thy sacred truth unstain'd,  
And half my immortality is gain'd.

Ye virgin saints that in your early bloom,  
From cruel tyrants met a fatal doom,  
That dy'd the honour of the christian faith,  
And boldly trod the same illustrious path,  
To animate the youthful suff'r'r's breast,  
Appear in all your heav'nly glories drest ;  
Shew him your sparkling crowns, the bright reward  
For such distinguis'd constancy prepar'd ;  
Open your rosie bow'rs, your blissful seats,  
Your gardens of delight, and soft retreats,  
Where gentle gales ambrosial odours blow,  
And springs of joy in endless currents flow,  
With smiling vitions recreate his soul,  
And ev'ry doubting anxious thought controul.



## LETTER XVII.

*Lord GUILFORD DUDLEY to Lady JANE GRAY.*



A Y ev'ry watchful angel guard thy  
Life !

My lovely princess, and my charming  
wife !

For thee I importune the skies with pray'rs,  
And wast the tedious hours in gloomy cares.  
Were I from all the world but thee confin'd,  
I'd call my stars propitious still, and kind ;  
Those prison walls would prove a safe retreat,  
From all the restless factions of the great.  
Sink, curst ambition, to thy native hell !  
And with thy kindred fiends for ever dwell !  
Were I, my fair, again possest of thee,  
What toys, were kingdoms, and their crowns to  
Inglorious in some blissful shades I'd prove, (me !  
The silent joys of unmolested love.

Why was thy birth deriv'd from antient kings ?  
Our misery from this fatal greatness springs :  
Indulgent love a gentler lot design'd,  
Nor form'd for publick cares thy guiltless mind ;  
Thy thoughts were all employ'd on softer themes,  
Tender and innocent as infant's dreams :  
And yet — but heav'n the title disallows,  
A crown, methought, look'd glorious on thy brows.  
In ev'ry look, in all thy graceful mein,  
The brightest rays of majesty were seen : Im-

Imperial beauty sparkled in thy eyes,  
I gaz'd with Extacy, and new surprize ;  
A thousand times I press'd thy lovely hand,  
And cry'd, 'Twas form'd a Scepter to command.

But these gay seenes for ever take their flight,  
Like some fantastick vision of the night.

Oh could my death the angry Queen appease,  
Could that alone a raging faction please,  
Unterrify'd I'd meet the publick storm,  
And challenge death in ev'ry dreadful form.  
But oh ! what horrors rise — thy tender life —  
What would I speak? — My lov'd, my beaut'ous wife!  
What counsel can thy wretched husband give?  
On any terms I fain would have thee live,  
Forgive my stagg'ring faith, my coward heart,  
My better thoughts disclaim this shameful part.  
What course can my distracting passions take,  
When thou, when truth, when heav'n itself's at stake?  
To endles<sup>s</sup> darkness would I drag thee down,  
And poorly rob thee of a martyr's crown.  
May heaven forbid! — I'll be thy joyful guide,  
Nor shall the fatal stroke our souls divide.

O death ! where is thy boasted conquest now ?  
Where are the frowns and terrors of thy brow ?  
Thou hast an angel's heav'nly form and air,  
Pleasures and graces in thy train appear.  
Ten thousand kind transporting scenes arise,  
O come my fair ! they call us to the skies.  
Beauties, like thee, in nature's early pride,  
Undaunted for their sacred faith have dy'd ;  
With theirs, with all th' illustrious names of old,  
The Brit<sup>ish</sup> glory, thine shall be enroll'd.

LET.



## LETTER XVIII.

*To Mrs. ——*

MADAM,



Cannot say you have turned me into an angel; I have too much modesty to compliment you or my self with such miracles; but you have certainly given an elevation to my mind, which I never before experienc'd: And without any design, but doing you justice, I may own, that from a savage I am become human, and from a libertine, regular and consistent, from a lover you have metamorphos'd me into a reasonable creature. However odd this confession appears, this is making you a greater compliment than swearing you have made me a lunatick and a madman. 'Tis more glorious for you, to be valued by a man in his right senses, than to be star'd at by one quite out of his wits: My being more reasonable, does not argue that you are less amiable.

*For inward greatness, unaffected wisdom,  
And sanctity of manners, improve your charms.*

ADDISON.

You have convinced me that virtue is more than an empty name, that 'tis the most sacred reality. I see, I acknowledge the bright *Divinity*; *she* insults my infidelity by a thousand modern instances of her power; among the youthful and mature, the gentle and severe, *she* boasts her votaries: *Virtue* retires no more to cottages and cells, but secure of publick triumph and applause, *she* makes the *British* court her imperial residence.

*The Goddess all her glorious self appears,  
When Carolina's royal form *she* wears;  
With ev'ry conqu'ring charm she stands reveal'd,  
While subject hearts their glad allegiance yield.*

Long may this propitious Queen be the joy and boast of a great and happy nation! You find I am grown publick spirited: 'Tis you have given this generous ardour to my soul, and kindled the sincerest zeal for the honour of my king and country. I grow impatient to draw my sword in their defence, and would commence the hero: Nor will I dissemble the truth, but freely own to you, that in my state of infidelity, my bravery was all affected, and often disguis'd the most slavish terrors.

I perceive, Madam, 'tis my own panegyrick I am writing rather than yours: Indeed my character cannot be in better hands; I have certainly done my self justice, and been punctual in the recital of my good qualities, and with great modesty have thought fit to propose my self, as an example of the reformation of manners.

You

You will conclude I am in a disposition to write a moral effay, rather than a love-letter, which was really my prime intention; but you have ridicul'd all my figures of rhetorick on that subject, so that I am forc'd to change my stile, in my own defence. But I hope I am intelligible, in assuring you, I am without reserv.

MADAM,

*Your most devoted,*

*and most humble Servant,*

ALBANUS.



**N**o. 89. **LET.**



LETTERS  
TO  
CLEORA.

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LETTER I.



IS certainly better for your self, and more for the security of mankind, that you should live in some rural abode, than appear in the world; such persons as you are fatal to the publick tranquillity, and do mischief without ever designing it: But I must own when belles and beaux retire to country shades for the sake of heavenly contemplation, the world will be well reformed. A hermit's life might be tolerable, while the serious hours are divided between *Hide-Park* and the *Opera*; but a more distant retreat in the full pride of your charms and youth, would be very extraordinary. To be convinced by so early experience, that mankind are amus'd only with dreams and fantastick appearances, must proceed from a superior degree of virtue and good sense.

sense. After a thousand convictions of the vanity of their pursuits, how few know the emphasis of these few lines.

*Sweet solitude! when life's gay hours are past,  
Howe'er we range, in thee we fix at last,  
Tost thro' tempestuous seas (the voyage o'er),  
Pale we look back, and bless the friendly shore.  
Our own strict judges our past life we scan,  
And ask if virtue has enlarg'd the span;  
If bright the prospect, we the grave desir,  
Trust future ages, and contented die.*

TICKELL.

Nothing is perhaps more terrible to the imagination than an absolute solitude; yet I must own such a retreat as disengages the mind from those interests and passions, which mankind generally pursue, appears to me the most certain way to happiness: Quietly to withdraw from the crowd, and leave the gay and ambitious to divide the honours and pleasures of the world, without being a rival or competitor in any of these advantages, must leave a person in perfect and unenvy'd repose.

Without any apology, I am going to talk to my self, and what follows may properly be called a digression.

Let me lose the remembrance of this busy world, and hear no more of its distracting tumults! Ye vain grandeurs of the earth! Ye perishing riches and fantastick pleasures! What are your proudest

N 2 — boasts?

boasts ? Can you yield undecaying delights ? Joys becoming the dignity of reason, and the capacities of an immortal mind ? Ask the happy spirits above, at what price they value their enjoyments ; ask them if the whole creation should purchase one moment's interval of their bliss. No — one beam of celestial light obscures the glory, and casts a reproach on all the beauty this world can boast.

This is talking in buskins, you will think ; and indeed I may resign crowns and scepters, and give up the grandeurs of the world, with as much imaginary triumph, as a hero might fight battles and conquer armies in a dream. In the height of this romantick insult I am,

MA DAM,

*Your most oblig'd,*

*bumble Servant,*



LET-



L E T T E R II.

*To the Same.*

M A D A M ,

 Am certainly dead and buried, according to your notions of life ; interr'd in the silence and obscurity of a country retreat, far from the dear town and all its joys ; which in your gay apprehensions cannot properly be called living. But for me (who ask nothing but ease and liberty, in order to be happy) I am willing to inform you, I am in a state of existence, and capable of the entertainment your wit would have given me, if you had been so obliging as to have filled the blank paper you sent : Nothing could be more nicely malicious, nor is it possible for you to imagine, how the sight of so much clean paper tormented me. How many sparkling things could you have writ, and not exhausted your stock, nor got the vapours by over-studying your self : But I hope you will make me some reparation, by the length of your next. I will not insist on your writing sense or reason, if that will be any privilege to you ; but tho' nonsense from you would be a great novelty, it would cost you so much pains to write it, that I am afraid you would send me a shorter epistle than your last.

*I am, Madam, your most obedient, &c.*



## LETTER III.

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To the same.



Have neglected writing so long that I am almost ashamed to own I am still alive: I ought to have dy'd in pure civility, which would have been the only sufficient excuse for my silence. But really madam, it costs me more pains to indite an epistle to you, than it would to write a book to some sort of readers; and I can't help wishing I had more wit, or you a great deal less.

Your prohibition of *Lilliput* paper, will drive me to great extremities, and what I most fear, will often prove a severe exercise to the patience of my gentle reader. I am reduced to a necessity of talking of this world or the next: For the *next*, you are so happy at present, that you may not be always dispos'd to think of so solemn a subject; and for this I am entirely ignorant: my conversation is confin'd to whispering trees, and murmuring brooks, and I cannot give you the least intelligence of what passes among mortals.

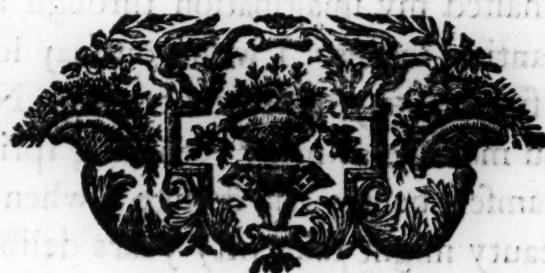
My

My fate, madam, is just the reverse of yours.  
You had a great many things in your head, but  
wanted paper; I have clean paper enough, but  
nothing at all in my head, 'tis a vacuum, a dis-  
mal emptyness; and unless I fill the blank paper  
with the curious flourish of a true-love's knot, I  
must subscribe,

*Madam*

*Your most oblig'd*

*Humble Servant.*



**L E T T**

meys lalit ni weys on ambur, gwyd us I  
wyl ym doyo now ymud I. Jaftron on ym seid  
hwnn i blod ym as ym ym dym en dym er  
telenboi'r ym daf dylw triedr leez lus gomri  
yng



## LETTER IV.

---

*To the same.*



THE *Sylvan* scenes never appeared more beautiful (not even in Mr. Pope's pastorals) than in those soft lines you enclosed. I hope you will find all the joys that peace and innocence can give, in your charming retreat. Your description hastened my imagination through a thousand enchanting scenes. I wish you may long enjoy those fine walks you are contriving: Not that I wish you may see as many returning springs, as the fair damsels before the deluge; when an insulting beauty might take fifty years deliberation to answer a *Billet-doux*, and act the tyrant five hundred years, in the full pride of her charms. But you shew no ambition at all of this nature, and I am persuaded 'tis no manner of mortification to you, that your conquests are limited to a shorter date.

I am going, madam, to put you in mind again, that you are mortal. I fancy you open my letters with as much gravity as you would a funeral sermon, and read them with the same seriousness:

but

but you seem pleas'd with these subjects, and amidst the brightest advantages of youth and fortune, are a reasonable creature, as well as a fine lady. These sort of reflections from me are not the vapours; I am pretty free from the spleen, as you know all half-witted people are. But in the gayest disposition, death would have a dismal view, and wear ten thousand horrors, if an immortality beyond it did not brighten the scene.

Without this prospect, it would not be worth the while to begin a generous friendship. When we have seen a few more setting suns (for rising suns some people never see) when a few more flying hours are past, with life to resign the most exalted of human satisfactions, would heighten all the horrors of the grave.

I might with less trouble recommend some good book to your perusal, and keep this divinity for my own use. You will be overjoyed that I am come to a conclusion, and am

Madam,

Yours, &c.



LET.



## LETTER V.

*To the Same.*



OUR reflections on \*\*\*\*\*'s death have something in them so just and agreeable, that I am recompenc'd for his losf, whatever damage the rest of the world suffers by it.

It pleases me to find you so often returning to a subject, that most people take so much pains to avoid. If immortality is the pride and happiness of human nature, why should it not be mention'd with the same gaiety, with which we talk of other agreeable things ? The other world is at least a greater novelty than this ; nor is it such a glorious round of action, to eat, to drink, and sleep, that people should have an aversion to think, if not to try what variety of enjoyments a future life will give them. But to forget this, is the design of all the thoughtless amusements the wit of man can invent. What Monsieur *Pascal* says, is perfectly just.

*L'origine de toutes les occupations tumultuaires des hommes, & de tout ce qu'on appelle divertissement*

ment ou passe-tems, & en effet que d'y laisser passer le tems sans le sentir, ou le plutôt sans le sentir soy-même, & d' eviter en perdant cette partie de la vie le dégoût intérieur. L'ame est jette dans le corps pour y faire un séjour de peu de durée. Elle sc̄ait que ce n'est qu'un passage à un voyage éternel, & qu'elle n'a que le peu de tems que dure la vie pour s'y préparer. Mais ce peu le commode si fort & l'embarrasse si étrangement qu'elle ne songe qu'à le perdre. Celuy est une peine insupportable a voire & de penser à soy. Ainsi tout son soui est de s'oublier soy même, & de laisser couler le tems si court & si précieux sans réflexion, en s'occupant des choses qui l'empêchent d'y penser.

I'll stop here, or you will certainly think I am going to transcribe the whole book, to save you the trouble of throwing away your money on a *Moral Essay*. And perhaps, Madam, you may not be in so grave a humour, as when you wrote last: For all human things are changeable, and have sometimes good, and sometimes evil dispositions; and in what circumstance this will find you, is an uncertainty to

M A D A M ,

Your most obedient,

and most humble Servant.



## LETTER VI.

To the Same.



YOU will find, Madam, to your grief, I have not hir'd the carrier to lose the large paper you sent me; but I have certainly more compassion for you than to fill it. One would think you intended I should write a *Western Journal*, and give you a full and true relation of all the ghosts and apparitions that are seen in the County of —, for these are the only remarkable events which happen here.

These are the regions of sleep and repose, not of action: For my own part, I neither hope, nor fear, contrive, nor design any thing that relates to this mortal life, but am as much at rest as the people that are sleeping in their sepulchres. I am in some doubt whether I belong to the society of the living, or the dead, and am ready to ask myself,

*Is this existence real, or a dream?*

I can't persuade my self to wish you any thing, but just what you are, a meer earthly creature. It would be too great a disadvantage to find you in

## Moral and Entertaining. 101

in a rank of beings superior to mortals: I am so sensible of the distance at present, that I can't wish you in a greater elevation. If I ask'd any thing, perhaps it would be to set you more on an equality, that I might have an opportunity to convince you how sincere and disinterested my friendship is.

By your account, *L\*\*\* B\*\*\** lives a very unactive and inglorious life. Tho' he has been so long as four months in the world, he has had so few adventures, that I can but just stretch my invention to compose half a song for him.

*Thou pretty, smiling, guiltless Thing !  
Of thee what can the muses sing,  
Unless they speak in prophecy,  
How great a Hero thou shalt be ;  
Thy country's patron, and the grace  
Of \*\*\*'s long illustrious race.*

With verse and prose, reflections gay and serious, some with a meaning, and others without any meaning at all, I am at last, to your unspeakable satisfaction, come to an end of this fine Epistle, and am going to subscribe my self,

MADAM,

*Yours, &c.*

LET-

of any relation or friend, and I have a

strong desire to be informed of the

present state of the world.

## LETTER VII.

To the Same.

MADAM,



OUR concern for \*\*\*\*\*, is the most melancholy circumstance in the account you have given me of his death. The toil, the long fatigue is past, and all to come is rest and endless joy. The happy spirit is for ever wandering now.

— *Thro' boundless realms of bliss,  
Where pleasure blossoms with eternal spring.*

You express your self with so much good sense and true greatness of mind on this occasion, that nothing could set your character in a more agreeable light: The death of your friends seems to reconcile your thoughts to the unknown regions.

With regard to your self, it might be no disadvantage to quit the world so early: To die in the pride of life, and all the splendor of youthful virtue, has something far more glorious than to languish out the dregs of life in the exercise of no virtue but patience.

You

You find, Madam, I am persuading you to die with great composure. I suppose you think your self obliged to me for resigning my friends to their destiny with so much calmness and submission ; but really 'tis in meer charity to you ; for if you grow wise so soon, I can't imagine how you will fill up the tedious round of threescore years and ten, if Heaven for the happiness of mankind, should continue your life to that date.

How many people would suspend their part in the joys of paradise 'till the heavens are no more, for the most trifling of those amusements which you despise : But while you think so justly of this world and the next, I must confess, the manner of life, to which your quality confines you, excites my compassion. Indeed you may dispense with me for practising this height of charity, while you are the object of almost every body's envy. But be as happy as the world can make you ; 'tis all but sleeping and dreaming ; and, as Mr. LAW says, *Being amused with a vain succession of shadows.*

This quotation, you may imagine, is to shew my great reading : When I am writing to you, I would indeed shine with every advantage ; but the height of my ambition is being,

MADAM,

Yours, &c.

LET-



## LETTER VIII.

To the Same.



Find 'tis generally a very selfish motive that makes me write to you, my design being to extort an answer. If you had but so much disinterested charity, as to write without expecting a reply, I should certainly receive the favour with the utmost gratitude and modesty: However, 'tis well that you indulge my talent of impertinence, and never strictly insist on common sense.

At present I can't entertain my self, much less you: the creation seems to want variety; and I am as much inclin'd to cry for more worlds as *Alexander the Great* was, only my uneasiness is for the sake of novelty, for I have little ambition:

Not enough to leave you in an error, tho' to my own advantage. I would not maliciously lessen my self, nor detract from my own good qualities, which certainly appear to my view in their full magnitude; yet such is the force of truth, that I must confess you have given me a sort of imaginary character, and I am a heroine of your own making; as great minds always suppose they find in others the same virtues they really possess themselves.

My letter is of a convenient length, and you will now gladly dismiss

Your most humble Servant.



# LETTERS

TO THE

# A U T H O R,

*By another HAND.*

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## LETTER I.

 Was so far from thinking your letter the effect of the spleen, that I am persuaded 'twas written in one of your gayest intervals: To a mind turn'd like yours, the thoughts of death must be all serene and agreeable. I fancy you will be pleas'd with these lines which Monsieur Menard order'd to be written over his closet door.

*Las d'esperer & de me plaindre,  
De l' amour des grands & du sort.  
Cest ici que j'attens la mort,  
Sans le desirer, ou le craindre.*

*Cest bien le caractere, le plus beau, & le plus rare  
qu'on puit avoir. But the eternal hurry that at-  
tends an exalted station, needs a higher pitch of  
virtue, to keep the mind in a proper temper to*

P

meet

meet our dissolution, than is generally attain'd ; and dying in pomp gives a thousand terrors to the fatal period.

*Had I been born some humble villager,  
And in a peaceful cottage pass'd my days,  
Far from the guilty pageantry of courts,  
In innocence my life had calmly past,  
And with a smile I might resign my breath.*

The world has I think as few charms for me, as for most people of my age ; but I must own, I feel a sort of reluctance to part with every thing below, and a dread to enter on those unknown regions, from whence none return, to tell us what they find.

Betwixt the whistling of the wind, and the roaring of a fall of water, I have at present a solemn and agreeable consort, and can't help addressing my self with *Mira* to the winter.

*To thee my gently drooping head I bend,  
Thy sigh my sister, and thy tear my friend ;  
On thee I muse, and in thy hast'ning sun  
See life expiring, e'er 'tis well begun ;  
Thy sick'ning ray and venerable gloom  
Shew life's last scene, the solitary tomb.*

Adieu,

CLEORA.

LET.



## LETTER II.

**W**HITHER shall I direct for you? are you still an inhabitant of the earth, or ascended to the ætherial regions? am I addressing a mortal, or an immortal spirit? in what language must I speak? If you are still in this world, I am determin'd to molest you; and I hope this letter will find you in the midst of some agreeable reverie, and chase the gaudy vision from your fancy.

I cannot praise your virtue in becoming a recluse, and getting the victory by a cowardly flight: I would have you raise your character, by venturing into this wicked town, and by despising the world in the midst of its dazzling temptations.

To read a treatise of devotion, instead of a new play, and preserve your serious temper, surrounded with vanity and diversions, would be a more heroical part, than enjoying an inglorious tranquillity, among purling streams and flowery meadows.

Besides here would be the addition of mortification, to heighten your virtue: For you would

scarce find the crying of *Small-Coal* as harmonious a sound, as the warbling of nightingals ; nor the smell of *Sea-coal smoak*, as fragrant as the breath of opening violets and primroses.

But my comparisons are so much to the advantage of the country, that I am afraid you will suspect my advice to be the effect of envy, and I had as good throw off a disguise, and own that at present my way of living is a series of impertinence, and were it to continue,

*Far rather would I in some humble cell,  
Distant from all that's gay for ever dwell,  
Than wast my flying hours, and thus divide  
My time, 'twixt folly, calumny and pride ;  
Still trifling, thus debase the gift of sense,  
And live the slave of dull impertinence.*

I have not yet had the curiosity to see the new *Opera* : The weather is so hot, that I think shady groves and chrystal streams more refreshing than a crowded theatre. Indeed the town was never more disagreeable to me than now. I wish I knew whether it proceeds from being more wise, or more dull : I am afraid the latter, for as to an increase of wisdom, I can't say, I am sensible of it in any other instance.

The greatest happiness perhaps that can be attain'd in this world, is only insipid indolence, and not any real pleasure. How different does it prove from those gay visions that youth forms to itself, when it first launches out into the flattering ocean !

ocean ! How soon do tempests of trouble and confusion rise ! while nothing is so common as the desire of long life, and yet how small a part of mankind would care to trace back their lives again, in the same steps they did before ! Tho' perhaps the only variety would be, to change one folly for another ; to quit the play-house for ombre, or the gentle strains of the opera for the serious contemplation of their own dear persons in a looking-glass.

*I am yours,*

CLEORA.



L E T-



## LETTER III.

Beg you not to write any more on *Lilliput* paper: I am almost afraid to open your letter, for fear of finding, after a respectful margin, *Madam*, at the top, and your name at the bottom, and trackless wafts of blank paper between, for me to fill up at my leisure.

You will be surpriz'd to find, that at a time when my health is declining, I should be planting trees, and laying out walks, as if I thought I had two or three hundred years to enjoy them. I need not assure you I have no such expectations; but it gives me an innocent delight to form these sylvan scenes in an irregular manner, and with a secret art, to imitate nature in her negligent appearance.

I have no giants in yew, nor tygers or birds in holly; but instead of them, firrs and pines, that grow just as nature design'd them; and so intermix'd with woodbines, syringa's, and other flow'ry shrubs, that in a few months they will be a perfect wilderness of sweets.

The satisfaction I take in this undertaking, makes me often fancy I am not sincere in my thoughts of soon leaving it. I am as busy in my garden,

## Moral and Entertaining. 111

garden, and as much surfeited with the *Grand Monde*, as ever *Dioclesian* was.

*Sente qualche Stupidita che mi impedisce di Godere una vila nella corte piena di Splendore e cerimonia tanto che quella che chi si trova ne lea campagna senza Gloria & senza turbenza.*

Every plant that flourishes gives me a pleasure, and every drooping tree infects me with languishing: I watch every decay among my flowers, as a celebrated beauty would do grey hairs or wrinkles.

I have two or three sheep that perplex me as much as *le Berger Extravagant*'s flock did him; and were I to indulge my rural delights, and return no more to the noisy town, I should fall into the most soothing and agreeable madness imaginable.

*Come, Amarillis, come, and with me share  
The blooming woodbines, and the fragrant air.  
Together o'er the flow'ry walks we'll rove,  
Or sit beneath the shelter of the grove:  
While flocks upon the hills around us bleat,  
And eccho's to the streams their voice repeat.  
Among the willows in a gloomy shade  
By nature found, there rusbes a cascade;  
Upon its banks you undisturb'd may lie,  
While contemplation wafts you to the sky.*

**CLEORA.**

**L E T-**



## LETTER IV.

PEOPLE seem at present more busily employ'd in preparing for the King's birth-day, than for their own last, and appear to be in greater anxiety for a seat in the dancing-room, than for a seat in paradise.

I was last night with —— a barge of musick follow'd us; but in the midst of this gaiety your letter was not the only thing that put me in mind of mortality. I had such a violent pain in my head, that neither the wit of the company, the softness of the musick, nor the beauty of the evening, could give me any sincere delight. — If pleasure be the lot of man, it must be in something beyond the grave, for on this side constant experience tells us, all is vanity.

But this confession has hardly any influence on human conduct; for people in a high rank must often act against their reason, to avoid being thought unfashionable; and for fear of being thought mad by the modish world, must act in a manner which they are sensible is being truly so, to keep in vogue with their polite contemporaries.

I can't

I can't forbear thinking with my self, that if a being endow'd with reason, and a capacity of judging, (an inhabitant of another planet, and an utter stranger to our nature) could take a view of our actions, he would be at a loss what to imagine we were; and had he no informer, but were to judge by our conduct, he would certainly either imagine that we were a species who were insur'd always to live in the world we now inhabit; or else that after enjoying our selves here as long as we could, we were to be insensible for ever, without the least expectation of a future judgment, punishment, or reward.

You would hardly make an apology for desiring me to write to you, if you knew how much pleasure the injunction gives to

*Tours unalterably*

**CLEORAS**

**LET.**



## LETTER V.



THE news of my Lord —'s death has been so great a shock to me, that I want all your arguments against long life, to reconcile me to the shortness of his, at the latter end of seventy years ; I have much ado to think that he did not die too young, since he had strength enough to endure the most exquisite torments. I lov'd him most sincerely as a relation, and esteem'd him as a most valuable and faithful friend. My thoughts are continually employ'd about him, and I grieve for my own loss, and rejoice at his gain in the same moment ; and can't forbear following him with my speculations to the mansions of eternal peace, and enquiring with Mr. Tickell, in his verses on the death of Mr. Addison,

*In what new regions to the just assign'd,  
What new employments please th' unbody'd mind ?  
A winged virtue, thro' th' aetherial sky,  
From world to world unwearied does be fly ?  
Or curious trace the long laborious maze  
Of Heav'n's decrees, where wond'ring angels gaze ?  
Does be delight to hear bold seraphs tell  
How Michael battled, and the dragon fell ?  
Or, mix'd with milder cherubim, to glow  
In hymns of love ? —*

I can't

## Moral and Entertaining. 115

I can't help fancying how his soul is charm'd to find it self at liberty, and no longer chain'd to an infirm body, which continually clogg'd it in all its operations. How is he transported, to be admitted to the presence of God his Saviour ! And with what delight (if we may be allow'd to conjecture, that he remembers her) will he see his wife, for whom he has shed so many tears, in all the pomp of celestial glory ! With what pleasure will he gaze upon the skies, while they unfold their sparkling treasures ! And with what joy and wonder observe the planets in their courses, and look into all the deep philosophy of Heaven ! With what attention listen to the songs of angels, while they tune their golden lyres to the praise, of God, and of the *Lamb* ! And how will his heart overflow with gratitude to his Saviour while he reflects on what he suffer'd to purchase these pleasures for him !

When I consider the advantages of his change, I blame my grief : And yet who can forbear to lament the best of friends, the honestest of men, and the most agreeable companion that ever was ? Especially in an age like this, where so little honour, friendship and sincerity are to be found. But I am not going to write a satyr upon mankind, and therefore will say no more, but that

*I am faithfully yours,*

CLEORA.



## LETTER VI.

To CLORINDA.



YOU ask me, my dear *Clorinda*, what is the reason of the deep melancholy you observe in me, and are amazed to see how little relish I have for the things which amuse other people of my age and quality. Your partiality for me makes you fancy that my indifference is the result of a good understanding, and that the force of my judgment has been able to subdue my passions ; but alas ! how are you mistaken ! My melancholy proceeds from the irregularity of my affections ; love, vanity, distrust and repentance, conspire to rack me ; and

*When I look back on all my former days,*

*The only comfort the review affords,*

*Is that they're past. —*

*For thro' their course I cannot recollect,*

*One free from sorrow, guilt, or disappointment : —*

*Yet heedless still thro' the same paths I stray,*

*And rashly venture on the dang'rous road ;*

*With open eyes like one asleep I walk,*

*And drink the cup, altho' I know 'tis poysn'd.*

Wby

Why am I led thus captive by my will ?  
 While reason, faithful guide, for ever warns  
 My drowsy soul, to shun impending danger.  
 This night may be my last ; I ne'er again  
 May see the dawning of another morn.  
 Shall I forego the joys of Heaven to sooth,  
 A wayward fancy, or destructive passion ?  
 Ah no ! let ev'ry faculty unite  
 To break the yoke ! Reason resume thy sway,  
 And calm these wild disorders of my breast !  
 Whisper thy sacred dictates to my heart,  
 And bend it to th' observance of thy laws !  
 Inspire my soul with ev'ry heav'nly thought,  
 And show me wisdom's paths ! direct my steps,  
 Nor leave me thus benighted !

There is not in nature a greater contradiction  
 than my thoughts and actions, and 'tis impossible  
 for me to account why they are so. I pursue the  
 pleasures of the world, at the same time that I  
 know them to be fleeting and worthless. I distract  
 my self about the opinion of the publick, tho' I  
 despise the injustice of its censures. I can't for-  
 bear repining at my unhappy circumstances, in  
 suffering my self to be tormented with the ingra-  
 titude of some whom I thought my friends, nor  
 weeping while I indulge a hopeless passion, tho'  
 I know that

Quickly will my glass of life be run,  
 And with it all my joys and sorrows gone.

Then

*Then I no more shall feel love's cruel fire,  
But cold and peaceful to the grave retire ;  
No more shall weep for the licentious wrongs,  
Of judgments rash, or scourge of sland'rous tongues.*

And yet not even this reflection can arm me with patience. I am uneasy with my faults, without correcting them ; and in love with my duty, without practising it. I act contrary to my highest reason, and turn rebel to the authority of my own judgment. After this account of me, you will not wonder that I retire as much as I can from noise and hurry ; though no shade is gloomy enough to hide my folly from my eyes, nor any retreat calm enough to lull my passions. However, I do not yet despair of conquering these vexations, by the assistance of religion, and the Grace of that God who will always be found, by those who seek him in an humble sense of their own unworthiness, and a firm reliance upon his mercy.

I am never in so whimsical a situation of mind in the midst of all my absurdities, as to forget that I am by a thousand obligations

*Your faithful Friend,*

*and oblig'd Servant,*

I R T S.

L E T -



## LETTER VII.

To ALMIRA.

My dear ALMIRA.

YOU will be extreamly afflicted, tho' not surprized, to hear that after languishing so many months, the unhappy *Teraminta* yesterday expir'd in my arms. The day before her death she order'd every body but me to leave the room, and desired me to sit down by her bedside; then taking me by the hand she spoke to me in the following manner.

I see, my faithful *Emilia*, that you are sinking under the affliction which you suffer, to find that a few hours will deprive you not only of a sincere and tender friend, but of a person whom your partiality inclines you to believe has some merit. I cannot leave you under this mistake, and go out of the world with the guilt of deceiving you; it is not possible for me to let you wast your tears for a wretch who is unworthy of them: Yet let what I have suffered for my crimes, induce you to compassion, and my hard fate warn you, to guard against the first glimmerings of a guilty passion;

passion; for that has been my ruin. You know I was married extreamly young, and upon the fashionable unhappy views of estate and titles. However my husband's merit (which to my eternal confusion I must ever acknowledge) joined to his fondness for me, gain'd so far upon my heart, that if I had not all the passion that attends love, I had all the tenderness of an exalted friendship for him. In this calm state I past the first six years of our marriage, and had several children by him. But then his publick employment oblig'd him to enquire for a person to assist him in the discharge of his office: He had a young man recommended to him for that purpose, whom he took into his house. He had ten thousand good qualities; he was just three and twenty, and perfectly beautiful, at least to me he appeared so; But why should I describe him to you, or strive to conceal the temptation, while I own the guilt. You know the destroyer of my peace and his own; 'tis the wretched *Alonzo*. He had not been long in the family before I began to have an affection for him that frighted me: His name affected me, I could not hear him mentioned without trembling, or see him unexpectedly without becoming as pale as ashes, and in a few months I found my heart was entirely given up to him. What eloquence can express my grief at this discovery? My vows, my husband's merit, my family, my fame now appear'd to me in their full force, and joined to wrack me. I past my nights in tears, and rose more weary then I lay down.

I flew

## Moral and Entertaining.

121

I flew to religious books for succour, but in vain; I had neglected the danger 'till it was irretrievable. I wandered in my house and gardens more like a guilty ghost than a living creature. And to add to my distress I observed an unusual melancholy in the face of my dear *Alonzo*: He was always in my way, alone and pensive... One evening, as I was standing just without the door in the court before my house, observing the moon and stars, which were shining in their full splendor, and wishing my self above those glittering luminaries, that I might be no longer subject to that criminal passion, which rendered my life a burthen; I chanced to put my hands behind me: I had not stood long in that posture before I thought I felt something gently touch my hand, and looking round I found it to be *Alonzo*; who seeing me about to leave him, took one of my hands, and holding it betwixt his, pressed it to his bosom with an air of tenderness which pierced my very soul. However, I was enough mistress of my self to ask him, what behaviour of mine had encouraged him to hope, that I would endure so unaccountable an insolence. He told me that what he did was not the effect of hope, but of absolute despair; that his misery was grown to such an height, that it was incapable of receiving any aggravation; and that though he loved me to distraction, he did not even entertain a wish that I should return a passion so much below me; and that if I could forgive the frenzy that had brought him to make this declaration, he would

R

for

for the future observe an eternal silence. At these words he burst into tears, and I left him with the utmost precipitation, to conceal a tenderness which neither the obligations of my duty, or any other reflection were strong enough to suppress. I was now sunk to the depth of misery. I had listened to the declaration of a love forbidden by all the laws of Heaven and Earth, and contrary to every principle of virtue which my education had instill'd into my soul. I knew not what method to take to free my self and *Alonzo* from so unhappy a situation. Sometimes I resolved to feign some cause of dislike, and prevail with my husband to discharge him. When I had summoned all my aids of virtue, modesty, and pride, and fancied my self able to make the dreadful proposal, my passion brought back his idea to my heart, with all the charms of his mind and person, and represented him not only ruined in his peace, but in his fortune, by my severity. Several months past in this state of anxiety, and he religiously observed his word, nor ever once mentioned his passion. But at last the disorder of his mind threw him into a fever, and his life was despaired of. Judge what I endured upon this occasion. However conscious modesty hinder'd me from going near him in his illness, which lasted almost a fortnight. But at last his youth, and the strength of his constitution, overcame his disease, and he was able to get up the stairs that led to my apartment, and was at the door of it just as I went out to call some of the servants.

At

At that moment every good angel left me, and I could not forbear expressing my joy to find him able to leave his bed. *Alas!* said he, *why do you wish my misery prolonged? Death is my only road to peace, since I am hated by you.* These words, joined with the paleness of his looks, disarm'd all my resolutions, and I told him a secret which I ought rather to have died than have utter'd. I owned my passion, and begged him to live for my sake, if not for his own. He was amazed and overjoyed at this confession, and soon recovered his health. We now went on in a thoughtless road of pleasure, and indulg'd our mutual passion, 'till at last he pressed me to give him the most guilty proofs of it; and strengthened his entreaties with all the arguments that so good an understanding, assisted by the powers of hell, could inspire. But as passionately as I lov'd him, he could not with all his eloquence, erase the sentiments of innate virtue, and convictions of religion from my soul. I was not enough abandoned, but to look on adultery as a point of horror not to be outlived; and though I allowed him liberties, which I am now convinced were guilty, yet I always kept my self from the last steps of vice, and was so happy, that instead of my yielding to his arguments, he was convinced by mine, and asked pardon of God and me for the criminal design he had pursued. We now resolved by the strictness of our lives, to make what amends we could for the errors we had fallen into, and for these last three years have

applied our selves seriously to the securing of our salvation. But we have never been able to conquer our unhappy passion, though we have suppress'd the effects of it. 'Tis this eternal contradiction, joined to the remorse I feel for my ingratitude to the best of husbands, which has brought me into the condition you see. Happy ! If by losing my life, I could attone for my injustice. How gentle would my agonies appear, if by their excess I could hope that they would be accepted as part of my punishment. Whatever I could suffer here, would be joyful to me, were I sure it could entitle me to mercy hereafter. Here she fell into a swoon, but quickly revived, and liv'd 'till next day. About an hour before she died, she sent for her husband and children, and took leave of them with great tenderness, and then lying down as if she would sleep, expired in a few minutes. They are in vast affliction for her : But no words can paint the despair of *Alonzo*. He has neither spoke nor eat since her death, and seems so perfectly stupify'd, that I fear his senses are gone for ever. Adieu, my dear **ALMIRA** : My tears flow so fast that I can write no more.

**EMILIA.**



2 R

LET-

## LETTER VIII.

*By the same Hand.*

My LORD,



Have at last taken the only means left me, to free my self from your importunities, and the weakness of my own heart, which argued but too much on your side. I found my fame, and every other consideration too light, when weigh'd in the ballance against your love ; but the force of religion has turned the scale, and made me resolve to spend the remainder of my weeping days in a convent : 'Tis in that holy retreat that I hope to find the peace, which I lost in the world. You cannot be sorry for this resolution, when you consider of it : For not all the polite maxims of the present age, are sufficient to discountenance virtue, or bring vice into reputation ; or could they prevail in this world, would they be admitted at God's tribunal. Your Lordship may call this bigotry, or any other name, which the levity of your fancy, or modish principles can inspire you with ; but a day will come, in which you will find it sacred truth ; and you will

will be glad, that by shutting my self for ever from your sight, I hinder'd you from the guilt you have pursu'd, and put it out of your power to ruin me. It would be no very pleasing reflection on your death-bed, that you had seduc'd a soul from the paths of peace and virtue ; and to give your self a fashionable liberty, had entail'd misery and infamy on a family, who have serv'd you with zeal and affection. What has my aged father left undone to support your interest in the country ? With what tenderness did my mother educate your two young sisters, who were committed to her care ? And in return, you would bring their only daughter to the last degree of sin and shame : This may be genteel, but surely it is not noble. How false are your sentiments of honour and justice ? You thought it would be a reflection on your character, to marry into a family so much below you in birth and fortune ; but are not ashame'd to return a thousand obligations (pardon me my Lord, for great as you are, I must call them such) with the highest injury. And tho' you have not succeeded in your guilt as to that, you robb'd two ancient servants, nay friends of yours, of the joy of their eyes, and delight of their age, their only child ; who by your licentious love is forc'd to seclude her self from them, and the whole world for ever. I dread to think how they will support this affliction. I left a letter on the table to acquaint my mother with my retreat, but conceal'd the cause, for your sisters sake ; since she might perhaps

haps resolve to discharge her self from an office, which she has executed with so much care, and has produced her so cruel a requital. Let the sorrow you brought upon my parents content you, and do not carry ruin into another family. Why should you employ the finest understanding, and the most graceful person to promote the cause of hell? And why must the rank, power and wealth, which were given you to diffuse happiness all round you, only serve to make you capable of splendid mischief?

I am now in a sanctuary, where I cannot be the entertainment of your idle hours; and where the time I spent in listning to you, shall now be employ'd in praying for your reformation; the tears which I have often pour'd out in vain, to dissuade you from your guilty enterprize, shall be shed before God for your sins: For tho' you have us'd me with the utmost cruelty, your eternal welfare will always be the tenderest concern of

*The unhappy*

**ANASTASIA.**

**L E T-**



## LETTER IX.

To LEONORA.

 Have been on the very borders of the grave, and have for several months endur'd all the pains and languishments of a dangerous illness ; but it has pleased G o d to restore me to so tolerable a measure of health, that I am now able to think and write again : And with what pleasure do I feel my self once more at ease !

How ungrateful are the generality of mankind while they enjoy this blessing ! and how seldom (when they are well,) do they reflect on the inconvenience and faintness, the weariness and pains, which attend a sick bed ! I never was sensible what I owed to G o d for my health, 'till I came to want it. While my blood flow'd with an even un-interrupted course in its channels, and my arteries and sinews were able to perform their several functions, I overlook'd that mercy which had contriv'd them for those operations ; but as soon as they were obstructed, I was sensible of their value : And while I sicken'd at the sight of my food, I envied the Peasant, whose health enabled

enabled him to earn his dinner with the sweat of his brow ; and while I was in torment in a stately apartment, and restless on a bed of down, how joyfully would I have exchanged conditions with the Hind, who in an humble cottage was sleeping on sheaves of straw ! How readily would I have parted with all the vanity of airy titles, all the advantages of riches and grandeur, to purchase health ! Health which gives relish to eyery enjoyment, and like the rays of light diffuses beauty upon every object. When I was ill, the beauty of the creation was effac'd to me ; I found no longer harmony in the sounds of musick, nor joy while the sun pour'd his meridian glory ; but turn'd my eyes from the intolerable lustre, and wish'd for the shades of night to veil his radiance. I had no pleasure in seeing every thing round me flourish, while I wither'd and decay'd. The birds that warbled near my window, seem'd to sing my funeral dirge, and every fly that buzz'd in my chamber, sounded like an alarm to judgement. When night came, I consider'd that probably I might never see day-light again 'till the morning of the resurrection dawn'd upon the earth : And when I was drowsy, and inclining to sleep, I imagin'd that I should perhaps never wake, 'till I heard the voice of the arch-angel, and the sound of the last trumpet, nor lift up my head, 'till I saw the Son of Man coming in the clouds with power and great glory. This near prospect of death and judgment, has put the world and all its gaudy vanities into a just light,

and has convinc'd me of the falsity of human comforts : And I have reason to bless God, who has given me such an opportunity of seeing things as they really are, and by making me sensible of the small consolation that all the earth can afford in the time of illness, and at the hour of death, has directed my eyes and hopes to Heaven, and made me know the value of those hours which were too often wasted in guilt or folly : And believe me, LEONORA, you will some time or other be sensible of this important truth. You are not more secure of years to come, than I appear'd to be before this illness, and will find the splendor of a court, and all the flatteries of life, miserable comforters upon a sick bed : The pleasures of this world will withdraw, and nothing remain with you but a sense of your past conduct ; and when you find your self ready to quit the stage, you will have no concern about any thing, but how you have acted your part.

I am still very weak, tho' perfectly at ease ; and I could be satisfy'd to remain so always, rather than hazard being again a slave to my passions and pleasures. I am, with all imaginable sincerity,

*Your most faithful*

DIANA.

LET-



LETTER X.

To LYSANDER.



Told you, some time since, that my affairs would oblige me to pass this summer at my estate in the west; I have been at it these six weeks: I brought no company hither but *Cleomedon*, who is so fond of his studies, that I seldom see him, unless it be at meals, but then he is always sprightly and cheerful: And at other times I entertain my self either in the park or gardens, which afford me so much amusement, that I never find the day too long.

I can't forbear repeating to you an adventure which I met with a few days ago: As I was riding over some of my farms, I came to the brow of an extream high hill, from whence I had the prospect of the most beautiful valley imaginable; it was full of woods, and water'd with a large river: in some places it run very broad and streight, in others it was more contracted, and flow'd in a thousand windings; sometimes it was lost among the woods, and rose again with fresh beauty, as it run through the flowery lawns. I was so charm'd with the sight of this *Sylvan* scene,

that I long'd to be in it, but the difficulty was how to get down the hill ; for that side next the valley was almost perpendicular, and so rocky, and cover'd with wood, that it seem'd unpassable. However, I dismounted, and leading my horse, found a narrow winding, by which I made a shift to get to the bottom of the hill ; at the foot of which was a delightful plain, here and there interspers'd with spreading oaks, beech and sycamore trees. Here I had the pleasure to observe the spring of the river that water'd that beautiful valley : It gushes out of the side of the rock, and after falling from one clift to another a great height, runs even with the grafs through the plains and woods. I now got on horseback again, and following the course of the river about three or four furlongs, I came to a low house, behind which there was a plat of trees, and before a little court, which had no other fence than a laurel hedge, breast high. There was a little wicket which stood open, and the neatness of the place tempted me to go in, which I did with the better assurance, because I imagin'd by the appearance and size of the house, that it was not inhabited by any persons of distinction. I cross'd the court without seeing any body, and came into a hall, the neatness of which is not to be describ'd. But I own I was surpriz'd to see a harpsicord, upon which lay some musick-books ; I had the curiosity to look into them, and found some of them were *Opera* airs, but the greater part hymns and anthems. There lay on the table two large folio's

folio's of maps, and upon the ground I observ'd a pair of very fine globes: A furniture so different from what I expected, made me uncertain whether I should follow my curiosity, which led me to go up a stair-case that was at one end of the hall, or go back without disturbing the owners of the house, who I now began to believe were of a different rank from what I at first imagin'd, and yet it was inconceivable to me how any persons of distinction should be in such a house. My curiosity at last prevail'd, and I went up; but when I came near the top of the stairs, I heard a person reading with great justness, in a clear voice, which seem'd to be a woman's. I stop'd a little to listen to her, and at last turning on my right-hand, I observed a door which stood half open, from whence I imagin'd the voice came: I drew near it without any noise, and could see a grave well-looking woman of about fifty, who was reading aloud to two very beautiful young ones, who were at work, embroidering flowers on white silk: They were dress'd alike in white fatten waistcoats, and brown lutestring petticoats, and upon their heads fine lac'd caps, made like those of the common peasants. They had an air of innocence and modesty greater than I ever saw: She who appear'd the elder of the two had dark hair, and the most blooming complexion imaginable; she was tall and finely shap'd, and might have pass'd for an inimitable beauty, had not the young creature who sat by her, shew'd that it was possible even to surpass her: Her hair

hair was almost flaxen, and her skin could scarce be equall'd by any poetical simile : She had large blue eyes, and her eye-brows and eye-lashes were a dark brown : She had a sweetness in her countenance which would have disarm'd a tyger of its rage. I had consider'd them but a few moments, when she who seem'd the elder of the young women look'd up, and seem'd surpriz'd at the sight of a stranger : However, she rose with great civility, and said, *Madam, here is a Gentleman who I believe would speak with you.* I then was so confounded, that I neither knew how to retire, or make an excuse for so unaccountable a visit. But the eldest of the ladies ask'd me to come in, with so benign and chearful an aspect, that it gave me courage to own the occasion of my intrusion, and ask a thousand pardons for it. To which she answer'd, *That my curiosity was its own punishment, since it had made me take so much pains, to see what was so little worth it, as her retirement.* I had now time to view the room they were in : It was hung to the top of the chairs with fine Indian matting, above which, all round the room were shelves filled with books, and upon looking into them, I found them to be an admirable collection of history, divinity, and travels : There were a few books of the best philosophy, and some plays. There were upon stands several basons of flowers ; and in short every thing was so elegant and charming, that I began to fancy my self in an enchanted habitation, and could not forbear expressing

expressing my desire to know how people of so extraordinary a genius came to live in so very retir'd a manner: Which the elderly lady perceiving, told me, that if I had patience, she would give me a faithful account of it. She said her husband was the heir of a noble family, that his name was *Theanor*, by whom she had two daughters, which were the young women I saw; that her husband died when the eldest was betwixt eight and nine years old, and left great debts: In vain did she apply to his rich relations, they would not assist her: So that she found herself either obliged to alter her way of living, or leave his debts unpaid; which tho' the laws did not force her to satisfy, she thought herself bound to do by all the rules of justice and honour. She therefore discharg'd all her servants, except two maids, and an ancient clergyman, whom she kept to instruct her daughters. With this small family she retir'd to this house, where she said she had lived upwards of fifteen years. She paid her husband's debts in the first seven; but had found so much peace in that solitude, that she was loth to quit it, and had the pleasure to find both her daughters in the same mind. I could not forbear asking how they amused themselves in so absolute a retreat, and in what manner they divided the day. In answer to which she told me, that indeed they seldom went abroad, and that when she had given me an account of one day, she told me their whole course of life for the last fifteen years.

*As*

As soon as we rise, said she, we meet in a little chappel below stairs, where the clergyman I mention'd to you reads prayers to us, and we sing a psalm. After this, we have our breakfast, and my daughters amuse themselves with their musick or painting, as they like best, while I am busied with the affairs of my family. About eleven o'clock we go into a room, where we prepare medicines for the poor, who can't afford better help, and there have a press fill'd with clothes for them of all sorts, and in the drawers under, are bibles and other books of devotion; that while we take care of their bodies, their souls may not be entirely neglected. Here we spend our time 'till we are ready to dress for dinner: After dinner, my daughters play on the harpsicord, and sing, or sometimes we only converse 'till we have a mind to come up hither, where one of us constantly reads while the others work. In the evening we walk 'till supper; after which, we call our little family, and end the day as we begun it, in praising GOD, and imploring his protection. I told her, I was no longer surpriz'd that they lik'd their way of living, since it appear'd to me to be such, as must entirely secure them from all kinds of discontent. They none of them answer'd to this, and upon looking up, I saw the face of the eldest daughter cover'd with tears. I expressed my concern at this sudden alteration, and begged to know the occasion of it. Alas, said her mother, this unhappy girl is more to be pitied than you imagine; and 'tis only on her account that I feel sorrow.

sorrow. About five years ago she fell desperately in love with a young man, who was equally so with her: But the misfortune was, that he was not only much below her in his fortune, but of a family which are notorious for their wickedness; tho' he is not so himself; for his mother, who was perfectly virtuous, had instill'd into him all the principles of piety and morality. They had long had a mutual tenderness before I perceiv'd it: But when I did, and found how much Rosella's heart was fixed, it afflicted me so that I fell into a deep melancholy, which ended in a dangerous sickness, and I was given over by my physicians. I then told Rosella the cause of my illness, and advis'd her against a marriage, the apprehensions of which had in all probability cost me my life. She fell on her knees by my bed-side, and bathing my hands with her tears, begg'd I would endeavour to recover; for if somebody was to be the victim of her unhappy passion, she was resolved it should be herself; since death would be less terrible to her, than offending me. I rejoic'd, and was surpriz'd at her compliance, and hop'd her affections had not been so firmly rooted as I since found. When I began to recover, she begged leave to write to Alphonso, (for that was the name of her lover,) and give him an account of the promise she had made, and the reasons which forc'd her to it. He received the news with inexpressible grief, and the next day left his father's house; to which he has never yet returned, nor has any body heard of him. I have been so much touch'd

with my daughter's sufferings, and the patience with which she dur'd them, without ever upbraiding me as the cause of them, that I now wish as ardently as she does, to see him return; that I may have the pleasure of rewarding her filial piety, by giving her hand, where she long ago plac'd her heart. She could not end this relation without tears, in which her daughters accompanied her.

I own I was moved with compassion at the story of *Rosella*, and cannot take my thoughts from that charming retirement, or forget the beauty of *Melissa*, which was the name of the younger daughter. I staid 'till it was dark, and then took my leave, extreamly delighted with so uncommon an adventure. *Adieu,*

BELLAMOUR.

F I N I S.



happily. But I have had a hard time  
now, and I feel very bad. I have to  
work hard to get along.

At 11:30 a.m. I am in the kitchen  
and just as I am about to leave for home, I  
see a man in a suit and tie walking in.

He is wearing a dark suit and a white  
shirt with a dark tie. He is carrying a  
briefcase and a small bag. He is walking  
toward the door and I can see him  
through the window.

He is wearing a dark suit and a white  
shirt with a dark tie. He is carrying a  
briefcase and a small bag. He is walking  
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through the window.

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